

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MAN WHO MADE MUSIC FOR 80 YEARS

NATION AND ITS A B C

EXTRAORDINARY QUARREL IN BULGARIA

Education Minister Locks the
University Doors

THE SILENT LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

A bitter quarrel is going on in Bulgaria about the A B C.

The dispute is between the Government of the country on the one hand, which, acting through the Minister of Education, is trying to simplify the Bulgarian language by leaving out of its alphabet three letters that are not sounded; while, on the other hand, the University of Sofia is trying to keep the silent letters in the printed words, though they are not used in speech, but only tell to the eye something about the past history of the words.

It is an old quarrel, which raged fiercely in Bulgaria 14 years ago, but last June the Government passed a law insisting that the three letters which it thinks are unnecessary must not be used.

Fight for the Extra Letters

This rule has now been met with bold defiance by the university in the Bulgarian capital. The Rector has made a speech and the university has printed it, using the forbidden letters.

Thereupon the Minister of Education sealed up the rooms of the secretary and the treasurer of the university. At once a meeting of the senate of the university was called, and notice was sent to the Minister that if he did not remove the Government's seals the Rector of the university would remove them himself.

The Minister removed the seals, but at the same time ordered the newspapers, over which he acts as censor, to be silent on the subject. And so the dispute goes on, the Minister insisting that the extra letters make the language more difficult, and the learned men insisting that the loss of them impoverishes the language historically.

Spelling by Sound

The question how far the history of words shall be preserved in the spelling of the words is raised in nearly all languages. Simple instances in English are such words as colour, honour, favour. The American dictionaries spell these words color, honor, favor. We have kept up the usage in writing of the letter u in such words, though it is not sounded, and the reason is because it reminds us that the word came to us originally through French.

There are people who would spell all words as they are sounded, as many Americans write the word through thru, and in the name of simplicity such people would blot out all the history of words that is hinted at in their spelling. But that is the extreme view, or vu.

Son of an Emperor Comes to School



Prince Vinh Terh, the son of the Emperor of Annam, who is coming to Europe with his father and will be educated in a European school. This is said to be the first time a ruler of Annam has left his dominions. See world map

Much short of this rough change is the cutting off of letters that are never sounded, especially at the beginning or the ending of words, and this is what the Bulgarian Government is favouring.

There are not many such instances in English, but there are some, such as the gh in nigh and high, which preserves the suggestion of a pronunciation still heard in the Scottish night for night.

Everyone who has tramped the mountains of Scotland carrying the ordnance map, with the names in the Gaelic, as a guide, knows how the bens (or beinns) familiar at school are disguised. He looks in vain for the name which took his fancy as Scour Ouran, but finds the pronunciation is fairly right, only the spelling is Sgurr Fhuaran, the fh having no sound at all. He is told that the hill he is passing, up Loch Leven, is Garven, but misses it on the map because it is spelt Garbh Bheinn, where the first bh is silent and the second bh is v.

These are some of the curiosities of spelling in which learned men delight when they try to make a word preserve its changeable history. Those who

have suffered from them do not trust the learned altogether; but neither is it right that governments should issue orders shattering the usages of language as they will. The right way is to trust a language to an academy of men born into its use, as the French do, men who are both learned and practical, and who can weigh wisely the needs of simplicity in teaching and also have a care for historic colouring.

THE LITTLE TELEPHONE LAMP

A little device is now in use on many of the French telephones which times an exact three minutes by clockwork for a telephone conversation.

When anyone is put through on the telephone an electric lamp lights up after two and a half minutes, giving warning that there is only another half minute left. At the end of the three minutes the lamp goes out and the line is cut off. The whole operation is carried out automatically by a timing clock at the telephone exchange.

CATHEDRAL SLIPS DOWN

AND ANOTHER CRACKS

Catastrophe in Sicily and the
Wear of Time in Lincoln

EARTHQUAKE SCENES

Disastrous news of two cathedrals comes this week. In Sicily an old cathedral has slipped and disappeared along with other buildings in an earthquake, and the sad news comes that the beautiful hilltop cathedral of Lincoln is in a dangerous condition, so that a fund of £50,000 is necessary to save it.

The north-west tower of the cathedral is cracking, and every storm increases its weakness. Parts of the nave are crumbling, and the wall is slightly bulging out. The work of repairing the cathedral is to begin at once, and the Dean of Lincoln has made up his mind to go to America if necessary to plead for money to save this noble pile.

Too Terrified to Run

The Bible story of the house builded upon sand is called vividly to mind as one reads the accounts of the town that has literally slipped away down the side of a hill in Sicily.

It had been raining long and heavily. The ground was thoroughly soaked. But no one anticipated a catastrophe until the ground began to move and walls to crack and roofs to fall in. At first the inhabitants of San Fratello were too terrified to run. They watched their cathedral, their post office, their town hall, and many houses move and fall to pieces; then they escaped from the doomed town and took refuge in the country near by.

Relief parties hastened to the place of the disaster. Nothing could be done for the town itself, but the 8000 men, women, and children who had fled from it were cared for as quickly as possible.

Land of Many Memories

The town of San Fratello, which has about eight thousand people, lies four or five miles from the sea, on the road that runs along the northern coast of Sicily between Messina and Palermo. It is a very ancient town—one of the original island settlements of the Lombards after they had invaded Europe. When the Norman, Robert Guiscard, conquered Sicily and married a princess he received San Fratello as part of her dowry.

The ill-fated town lies at the foot of the mountains and near Sicily's largest forest. The area is traversed by many streams and torrents, and the landslide may have been caused by the gradual loosening of the soil by underground streams flowing inside the mountain.

Visitors to the island, if they visit San Fratello, generally do so on their way from Messina to Palermo for the purpose of seeing the famous Grotto of San Teodoro not far from the town. This grotto contains a large quantity of fossil bones of mammals.

ARTIST LOST TO THE WORLD

A LOOK AT CLAUDE LOVAT FRASER'S WORK

Young Man with Big Imagination

HIS WORKS LIVE AFTER HIM

By Our Art Correspondent

Our Art Correspondent has lately been to see a little room in which the works of a lovely artist, the late Claude Lovat Fraser, were gathered together, and we gladly give these notes written after leaving the atmosphere of Mr. Fraser's pictures.

It seems very sad that Mr. Fraser should have died at all, for everybody loved him; but one cannot help feeling thankful that in his short life, cut off by the ghastly war, he managed to do so many beautiful things.

Many years ago he began to make drawings for books and rhyme sheets. These rhyme sheets are long slips of paper with a poem or a ballad printed on them—the kind of things one just pins on the wall.

Sold Like Fish

People have loved them partly because of the verses and the artist's work, and partly because many hundreds of years ago the same kind of sheets were printed, and ballad-mongers walked the streets selling them as fishmongers sell fish.

Looking at these works of art, some of them not much bigger than a postage-stamp, it would seem that the artist's greatest genius lay in drawing minute head-pieces and tail-pieces for poems.

They look as if he did them with one hand while he was waving the other about, telling a story; they look as if he had just thought about them that minute, and must put them down before he forgot. They are little images of people and places, not as ordinary people see them, but as Mr. Fraser saw them.

Wealth of Genius

He knew that at night tree trunks become "little old men with twisted knees." He knew what a lovely colour a highwayman's cloak ought to be. And he knew exactly, down to a spar, the kind of ship that went a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea.

But Mr. Fraser was not only an illustrator of poems. He designed book-covers, posters, advertisements, stages for plays—there are several models of these, looking like lovely toy theatres; he drew some beautiful pictures of houses and towns, studies of characters in books, of dancers; and he painted some marvellous "interiors," where fantastic people walk about great halls looking brave and gay, and sometimes sad.

Passing through the three rooms whose walls are lined with the artist's pictures, one was amazed by his wealth of genius. He produced wonderful work in five or six departments, so to speak. And if he had done what he did in any one department alone he would be famous.

Taken by the War

Mr. Fraser had a very strong sense of colour, and, though he was fond of clear, bright tones, he never made his pictures gaudy. He dared to do what no one else dared to do, and he was always right.

He was only 31 when he died a few months ago, and his death was the lingering result of his four years' active service in the war.

He was an officer in the 14th battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. Gas poisoning had weakened his heart, and he died under an operation.

Thus has the war laid its blight on things fair and lovely. And in more ways than one Lovat Fraser is of the great company whose works do live after them.

GOBELINS FOLLOW THE BLUE BOY

Art Treasures of Europe BEAUTIFUL THINGS GOING TO AMERICA

The United States are gradually acquiring old Europe's treasures of art. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" is going, and now the magnificent Gobelin tapestries in Vienna are to follow.

These have been "pawned," it is said, for £3,000,000, which means that they may some day be brought back, though this is not very likely.

The value of the tapestries, considered the finest examples of old French needle-work in the world, is put at £8,000,000, but it is impossible to fix values for works of art.

There is no need to regret the transfer of beautiful things from Europe to America. There are plenty left in Europe, and in America they are even better appreciated. An Englishwoman just back from New York tells of a conversation she had with a woman manager of a hairdresser's shop. The woman had been on a short visit to London, and the Englishwoman asked her what she had liked best there. She thought a moment, and then said:

"Well, of all the things I saw I liked best the Wallace Collection. I went there five times."

How many Londoners have been even once to see this collection of rare and lovely objects bequeathed by the Past?

SPAIN STILL FIGHTING

Waste of Life and Treasure

Months ago it was suggested in the C.N. that Spain would be wise to abandon the effort to hold the last remaining little bit of her once vast colonial empire against the fierce Moorish tribes, who want their country for themselves.

The latest reports of the progress made by the Spanish army against these tribes show that it has been slow and disappointing to Spain. Thousands of lives have been lost, an enormous amount of money has been spent, and it is plain that both blood and treasure will have to be poured out in an increasing flood.

For now the Spanish troops have to pursue the tribesmen of the Rif coast of North Africa into the mountains; here the difficulties of the campaign will be greater than they have been up to now. The coast is of very little value. Pride and obstinacy are the motives behind the attempt of the Spanish Government to keep it against the will of the inhabitants. Meanwhile, the sufferings of the troops are pitiful, and there is no prospect of their coming to an end.

A TOUCH OF ENGLAND IN BUDAPEST

Our Little Hungarian Visitors

It will be remembered that 460 Hungarian children came to England for ten months during the time of acute distress. A C.N. reader in Budapest sends us this account of how these youngsters spent their Christmas, entertained by English friends in Hungary.

The Christmas treat to the 460 Hungarian children who were in England was opened with a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" when the British High Commissioner came in, and there followed a lustily-sung "God Save the King," meaning the King of England.

Then we had a Christmas carol, beautifully sung, and recitations in English. Finally came a large glass of chocolate with plenty of whipped cream. How they enjoyed it! And, of course, there were cakes and apples and sweetmeats.

English classes are held in various parts of the city twice a week, so that the children may keep up their English; and everything is being done to keep them in contact with their English foster-parents.

TO EVEREST AGAIN

Hopes of Reaching the Top

13,000 SQUARE MILES OF NEW COUNTRY PUT ON THE MAP

According to Mr. George Mallory, the leader of the climbing party of the Mount Everest Expedition, who has been lecturing in London, it is highly probable that the new expedition this year will reach the summit of Mount Everest, a height of 29,141 feet.

The route followed will be the same as last year, and, starting early, the expedition hopes to accomplish the worst part of the journey before the monsoon sets in. Also, the absence of snow on the lower ranges will make its progress quicker and easier.

The expedition outfit will be carried by mules and yaks right up to the higher Tibetan plains, and from there the rest of the transport will be done by coolies. They have proved that it is possible for men to carry loads at an altitude of 23,000 feet. By putting two coolies to one load they now hope to reach a height of 26,000 feet.

Difficulties of the Climb

The last part of the journey will be the most difficult. The approach to the summit is up a very steep snow slope, and the expedition will be completely exposed to the terribly cold winds peculiar to the climate of Tibet.

The expedition of last year was a great success. Over 13,000 square miles of entirely new country have been mapped.

Although the Tibetan route to Mount Everest is somewhat longer than one crossing the plains of Bengal and Nepal, it is safer, and the Tibetans have been very friendly to the expedition—which in itself is a tribute to the influence of Western education, for not many years ago the people of Tibet were hostile.

BEETLE ON THE WIRES

Upsetting the Telephone

Another insect pest has descended on California. This time the invader is not in the orchards or on the farms, but in the towns, where a beetle, smaller than a ladybird, is doing much damage to the telephone cables by gnawing through the lead that protects them.

The result is that the rain-water gets through the holes to the wires and causes short circuits, and the conversations of subscribers are interrupted or cut off altogether.

Various methods of counteracting the ravages of this beetle have been tried, but all without satisfactory result, and the telephone authorities, who are greatly concerned, have called in the help of the Department of Agriculture.

THE WIND IN A CITY

People Blown Across the Street

In a hurricane in New York a woman, knocked down by the wind, was blown a distance of fifty yards and dashed against a building.

The wind sometimes reached a speed of a hundred miles an hour, people in the streets being blown about in every direction, so that some were killed and injured by the wheels of passing traffic. The police rigged up life-lines in Broadway, along which pedestrians made their way hand over hand, and in a public square people were seen joining hands in groups to cross the open space.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 25.0	London . . . ins. 1.13
Hours of rain . . . 24.3	Torquay . . . ins. 1.53
Wet days . . . 15	Newcastle . . . ins. 1.56
Dry days . . . 16	Cardiff . . . ins. 2.70
Warmest day . . . 27th	Fort William . . . ins. 15.4
Coldest day . . . 5th	Dublin . . . ins. 2.46

ELECTRIC WAVES

Wonder of the Telephone

PROFESSOR FLEMING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

Professor J. A. Fleming has been dealing in his Royal Institution lectures with the telephone and electric waves in general.

He began by demonstrating the effects of an electric current, first in heating a wire and then in magnetising a coil of wire. He showed on the screen a picture of a huge magnet in an ironworks, used for lifting masses of iron.

In going on to the construction of the telephone itself, Professor Fleming explained that the sounds we hear on placing the receiver to our ear are due to rapid vibrations of the thin metal diaphragm inside the receiver.

The Professor had on his table a large diaphragm, on which was placed a dancing-doll and one or two small peas. Under the diaphragm was an electro-magnet, such as every telephone receiver contains, and when the current was turned on, bringing the electro-magnet into action, the diaphragm jerked, and the doll and peas danced about.

Where the Telephone Fails

In the next experiment an assistant went to another room, and spoke to the audience through a telephone with a receiver like a large trumpet, making the speech audible over the whole room. When the assistant had finished speaking Professor Fleming remarked on the inability of the telephone to reproduce the sound s.

"If," said the Professor, "you notice carefully how you produce the sound s you will see that you do it by passing air through your front teeth. But the telephone, poor thing, has no front teeth, and that is why it is unable to say s properly."

"Another trouble with the telephone," the Professor went on, "is its extraordinary inefficiency."

The Professor was not referring to the way in which the telephone system is mismanaged, but to the fact that out of every thousand parts of electrical energy that are used to make the telephone work only one part reaches the ear in the form of sound-energy.

In dealing with electric waves and oscillations the Professor explained the nature of electrons, and showed how a stream of electrons inside a vacuum tube was able to turn a small mill. He said that an electric current was really a stream of electrons, and that an electric oscillation consisted of a great number of electrons swinging to and fro.

The Infinitely Little

The Professor then, by means of an interesting experiment, showed the presence of electric waves in a wire, and said that the electrons in this wire were being driven to and fro about 600,000 times a second.

Professor Fleming took Rayleigh's old experiment of showing that the sound waves of a whistle could spread one thousand yards in every direction, and be appreciated by the human ear when their movement had faded down to a length of a millionth of a millimetre; and to explain how almost inconceivably finer were electric waves he stated that the smallest particle of gold visible under a microscope is a hundred-thousandth of an inch, the atom is one two-thousandth of that, and the electron, the particle concerned in the motion of electricity, is one hundred-thousandth of an atom.

A BOY WITH IDEAS

We learn of a little C.N. reader in Nottingham who, when he has done with his papers, straightens them out with his mother's iron, packs them away, and sends them periodically to the Children's Hospital.

MAN WHO MADE WONDERS POSSIBLE

IMMORTAL DR. BRANLY
Discovery that Led to Wireless
Telegraphy

MODESTY OF A FAMOUS SCIENTIST

Dr. Branly, the Frenchman who made wireless telegraphy possible, has twice been noticed of late in the French newspapers. One day, at the Théâtre Champs Élysées, Dr. Branly and M. Poincaré presided over a remarkable performance given by the Radio Club of France for the widows of wireless operators lost in the war.

At this concert there was witnessed the curious spectacle of a company of girls dancing to an orchestra playing twenty-five miles away.

The second piece of news concerning Dr. Branly is very greatly to his credit. The city of Paris, knowing the Doctor to be a poor man, had the happy thought of granting him an annuity. All the leaders of the scientific world in Paris joined in this generous scheme, and a sum of twenty thousand francs was raised to help to maintain the laboratories and scientific researches of this famous scholar.

Making Wireless Useful

Within the last few weeks Dr. Branly has been told of this plan, but in spite of his great gratitude he has declined the offer made to him. With a modesty that does him honour, he says in his letter of refusal: "I do not want to put myself on the same level as Pasteur, who was the object of so high a favour. His name is too great, and I worship it too much, to be compared with it myself. The small means in my possession will do quite well for me."

Who would imagine from this modest letter that the writer made possible the whole business of wireless? Yet that is what Dr. Branly did.

For many years the presence of electric waves had been suspected, and eventually, in 1888, they were discovered by Hertz. But the discovery was of no practical value, and it remained to Dr. Branly to think out a means of making the mysterious waves do the bidding of man. Within a year or two of their discovery he produced the coherer, the ingenious device which made wireless communication possible.

Momentous First Step

He found that certain metal filings resisted the passage of an electric current, but when even a faint electric wave—too weak to emit a spark or even to show its presence in any direct way—fell on the filings, they joined together, and so completed the circuit and allowed the electric current to pass.

Thus it was possible to detect electric waves coming from a great distance, and the first great step was taken toward making wireless telegraphy practicable.

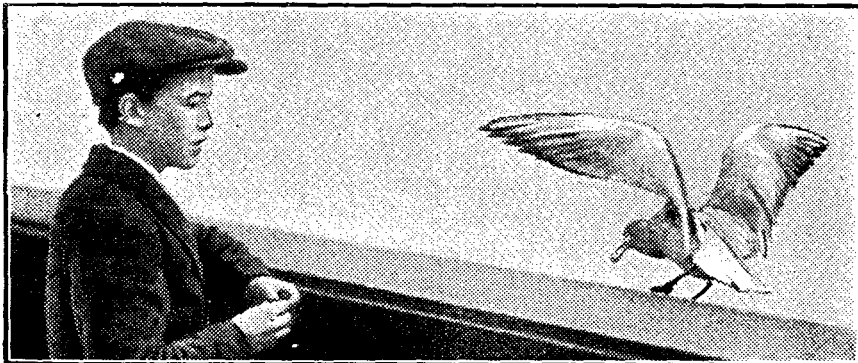
Many improvements in the coherer have been made since then, by Dr. Branly and others, but had Branly patented his invention he would have become a rich man. Like a true benefactor of his race, however, he gave his great discovery for the benefit of scientific progress.

In the Auction Rooms

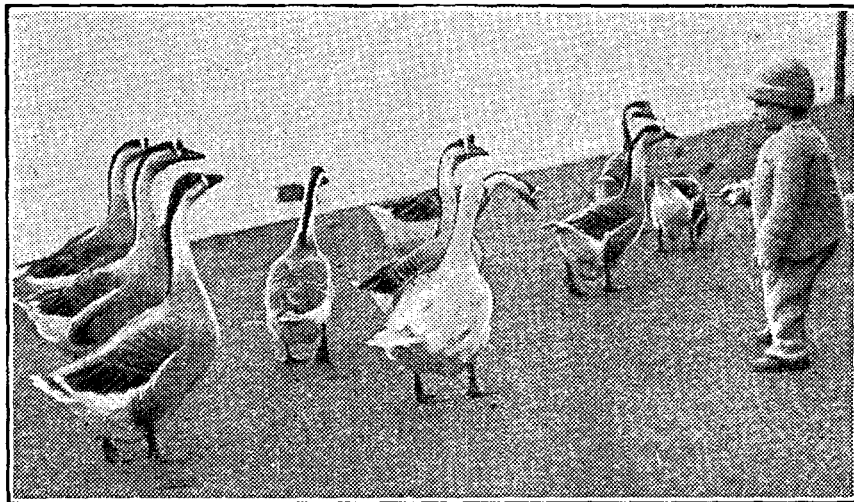
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A carved oak cupboard . . .	£175
An oak Elizabethan buffet . . .	£152
A china cabinet of 1775 . . .	£105
An Adam sideboard . . .	£72
A Chippendale elbow chair . . .	£40
A pair of Irish silver sauceboats . . .	£40
A Hepplewhite elbow chair . . .	£24
A 6d. Cape of Good Hope stamp . . .	£10

FEEDING THE BIRDS IN WINTER



A London gull flies off after accepting a crumb from a boy



The geese of the Serpentine beg for their lunch from a little visitor in Hyde Park



A Chelsea pensioner feeds the sparrows



Children throw bread and cake to the gulls and ducks in Hyde Park

Feeding the birds in the London parks is always a favourite occupation with the children and old people, and in winter the ducks and geese and other permanent inhabitants have their numbers largely recruited by flocks of gulls, driven inland by storm and cold

TELEGRAPHIST OF THE MUTINY

LETTER FROM HIS SON
TO THE C.N.

The Message that Came in the
Nick of Time to Save India

KEEPING THE WIRES GOING

In this paper, if a mistake of any importance has been made and is discovered by us, it is always corrected. To-day it is with peculiar pleasure that we are able to correct an inaccuracy, not in the C.N., but in the Children's Encyclopedia years ago.

There, among the brave deeds done in the days of the Indian Mutiny, we recalled how the telegraph operator at Delhi coolly kept at his post until he had flashed the news of the outbreak at Meerut all over the Punjab, and by doing so saved India. That was true; and this was the message sent: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up."

Then our account ended: "The wires had hardly carried their message when the mutineers broke in and cut the operator down."

Now from India comes a letter to tell us that the brave operators who sent that warning message to all the military stations in Northern India—for there were two operators working after Mr. Todd, the chief telegraphist, had been killed—were not cut down, but escaped after their saving work was done.

Half a Century in India

They were Mr. W. Brendish and Mr. J. W. Pilkington, and we are indebted to Mr. F. B. Brendish, a son of one of the heroes of that brave exploit, for the following facts.

After despatching the wire the telegraphists escaped and reached Umballa safely. Mr. Pilkington was promoted, but died a few years later. Mr. Brendish served throughout the Mutiny in the Meerut Light Horse and the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, then rejoined the Telegraph Department, served in it till 1897, and lived in India, retired on full pay, till 1907, fifty years and five months after the sending of the fateful wire. His wife is still alive.

In 1902 a memorial was erected in the Delhi Telegraph Department commemorating the devoted services of the members of the staff who kept the wires at work on that exciting day till no more remained to be done.

The memorial was unveiled by Lord Curzon, who was Viceroy when it was completed.

The noble story is all the better for its happy ending.

GREAT SIGHTS OF ITALY And the Travellers Who See Them

Some interesting figures have been published showing the numbers of travellers who go to see the great sights of Italy.

It will surprise many people, perhaps, to know that the first place is taken, not by Rome and not by Naples, but by Venice. The Palace of the Doges had nearly 160,000 visitors in the last year for which the figures are published. About 50,000 went to the picture galleries of Venice, and 13,000 to the Archaeological Museum.

Second to Venice comes Florence, perhaps the loveliest of all the little cities of the world. The gallery of the Uffizi Palace had 77,000 visitors, and the Pitti Palace nearly 60,000.

Pompeii, with the most amazing ruins in the world, had 76,000 visitors, and the marvellous museum at Naples close by had 10,000 less. We are sorry for the 10,000 people who were so near this museum and did not go to see it.

The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, was visited by nearly 50,000 people.

WONDERFUL CHILD WHO WON FAME

SAINT-SAËNS AND HIS
MUSIC

A Nation's Last Tribute to Its
Greatest Composer
80 YEARS OF MUSICAL GENIUS

By Our Paris Correspondent

Away in Algiers, far from his friends, alone in a room in his hotel, good Camille Saint-Saëns has passed away.

This unwearied nomad, who for thirty years has carried through the world the fame of French music, had to die thus.

France gave the great man a national funeral. The President was represented there, and great State officials took part in the ceremony, which was held at the Madeleine, where Saint-Saëns loved to play the organ. Two hundred and fifty musicians from the Conservatoire and the Opera were present at the stirring ceremony, and for one intense hour of feeling, under the huge vault of this famous church, the master's work lived after him—as it will live on for generations yet to come.

First Appearance in Public

By the end of this great man's work is broken a link with the very long ago; we find the first record of his fame in a French paper as far back as 1846, where we read these notes:

"We have just witnessed the first appearance of a charming ten-year-old child, who was heard at the piano with an orchestra.

"We had already heard pianoforte performances by young children, but no one was equal to him for purity. His memory allowed him to play by heart in the course of the evening a concerto by Mozart, a fugue and another piece by Handel, a toccata by Kalkbrenner, a prelude and a fugue by Bach, and at last a concerto by Beethoven.

Wonder of Street Cries

"Camille does not limit himself to execution; we are told that he improvises and composes with marvellous facility. Many traits of his childhood bring to mind the early years of Mozart. At two years old he was brought home from the country, where he had been under the care of a nurse, and even then everything—the striking of the clock, the gong at the door—was a musical sensation to him. Street cries filled him with wonder. He ran from one room to the other comparing new sounds.

"The first time the child heard the sound of a piano he stood enraptured near the instrument, placed one finger down, then another, and so played a chord. At two he was able to read music, and at three he enjoyed composing it."

Triumphant Tour

This clever child grew up to be the illustrious composer who has now died at 86, after one of the fullest careers in the history of French art. His remarkable memory astonished his friends. The great ease with which he made light of the greatest difficulties used to astonish Liszt and Wagner. Like those two great composers, Saint-Saëns knew everything without learning it; his "Première Suite d'Orchestre," written at 16, shows the same adroitness and elegance that he had not lost seventy years later. Saint-Saëns's power of production was endless. He wrote melodies, sonatas, trios, quartettes, concertos, symphonies, cantatas, oratorios, operas—over 300 of them altogether. He was a master in the full sense of the word.

During twenty years Saint-Saëns held the post of organist at the Madeleine, where they have now carried him in his last sleep; and he always showed a special love for the organ there. Not so long ago he still loved to join his friend Perillou at old Saint Severin's on a Sunday, and he would slip into his seat,

BLOWN OFF A TRAIN

Two Men Missing from
an Engine

REMARKABLE ACCIDENT

Noble self-sacrifice appears to have accounted for the death of an engine-driver on the Midland Railway near East Horndon, and for painful injuries to the fireman who was his mate.

The train which they were driving stopped suddenly at some distance from a station. The guard looked out, but could see nothing the matter; then he waited a little, and began to feel uneasy. At last a platelayer came along and said: "There's no one on the engine; you'd better see what's up."

So the guard went along, and on the line he found the driver dead, with the fireman near by, badly hurt. They had been *blown off the engine by an explosion*.

The driver must have seen that something was wrong, and that there was going to be an explosion. Instead of jumping off he put the brakes on so as to stop the train; while he was doing this the disaster happened.

If he had not applied the brakes the train would have run on without anyone to control it, and must have met with an accident that would probably have killed and injured many people.

How many of us think when we travel by train how completely our lives are in the hands of the engine-driver, and what splendid men they are, with a sense of duty strong enough to make them give their lives, as Henry Kemp did, to protect their passengers from harm?

FRIENDS OF LITTLE FISHES

A New Sort of Hospital

The aquarium at Kremnitz, in Hungary, has just been endowed with a perfect fish nursery. Some fishes are treated there in groups, while other serious cases undergo their medical treatment in separate cells.

Thus is treated a salmon suffering from gangrene, and also an unfortunate eighteen-pound pike, on the fins of which large and mysterious spots have recently appeared.

Again, a huge bream has been operated on for goitre, supposed to have been caused by the bad water it lived in when young.

But the best operation performed on a fish at this Kremnitz hospital is that upon a young tench, which sustained a puncture of its swimming-bladders. We are told that the bold little thing had tried to take a higher jump than it should have done, so injuring itself and putting itself in danger of death.

But the prompt attention of the fish doctor of Kremnitz was enough to save the poor tench and restore it to health and happiness.

Continued from the previous column

enjoying himself on the organ as the people filed out of the church.

But his renown was always calling him abroad, and the time came when he had to give up the Madeleine. Then began through the world his triumphant tour—to Egypt, to India, to America. He last visited England at 78, when his great opera of Samson and Delilah was first performed in 1913; and when the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him by Cambridge University.

The author of Samson was hailed and feted like a sovereign everywhere; he had become the representative of French artistic ideals abroad. For many years to come it will be in his symphonic works that foreign countries will instinctively try to read the musical genius of the French race; and, if it is true that refined taste, clearness, measure, and reason are the chief qualities of French art, no one will regret that the artists of all countries should learn French in the music of Camille Saint-Saëns.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

BOY THE SCOUTS WILL
NEVER FORGET

C for Courage and for Cornwell

DRAGONS TO KILL

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Very few men are born brave, but anybody can make himself brave if he tries, especially if he begins when he is young.

The brave man dashes into danger without hesitation when a less brave man would be inclined to hang back.

It is very much like bathing. A lot of boys will come to the river to bathe, and will cower shivering on the bank, wondering how deep the water is and whether it is very cold; but the brave one will run through them and will take his header into the water, and a few seconds later will be swimming happily around.

When there is danger before you do not stop and look at it, for the more you look the less you will like it. Take the plunge, go boldly in at it, and it will not be half as bad as it seemed.

At the Battle of Jutland in 1916 a Boy Scout proved to the world that a boy of 15 can show as great bravery in the face of danger as a man.

Waiting for Orders

We have all heard the story of John Travers Cornwell—how, mortally wounded early in the battle, with eight out of ten of the gun crew killed or wounded, he remained alone at the gun, supporting his dying body against the shield, looking at the bridge for orders "in case he should be needed."

C stands for Cornwell and C stands for courage, and in the Scout Movement the memory of that brave Boy Scout will never die out. We have a small badge in the form of a C, the rarest and perhaps the most longed-for badge that a Scout can earn.

In the five years that have passed since Cornwell's death many Scouts have tried for that badge, and 30 have won it.

The other day, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sea-Scout Platt, of the 1st Tyne Sea Scout Troop, was decorated with the Cornwell Badge. Last August he was sailing with others from Holy Island to Blythe on the troop's cutter Audrey, to race in the Blythe Regatta next day.

Working for 24 Hours

They encountered one mishap after another—accident to the jib, engine breakdown, and a gale which sprang up in the evening and did considerable damage. For 24 hours Platt had neither sleep nor food, and throughout the night he was helping on deck to clear the sheets and in imminent danger of going overboard with the heavy sea. Within an hour of arrival at Blythe he voluntarily joined the crew of his troop's sloop Brent, which raced in the regatta.

About a fortnight later Platt saved a girl from drowning. He jumped over the parapet of the bridge so as to reach her without a moment's delay, and when another Scout came on the scene a few minutes later Platt was already carrying the girl to a place of safety.

The Finest Kind of Courage

There is another kind of courage which to most people is harder to gain than physical bravery, and that is moral courage—the courage to own up when you have done wrong, to tell the truth when it means punishment, to speak out when you see things going on that you know to be wrong.

But once you have taken the plunge you will feel, like the brave bather, all the cleaner and jollier, and you can thank God for giving you the courage to do the right thing.

St. George needed a bit of courage when he tackled the Dragon. There are plenty of dragons about today, and each time you kill one you come out stronger.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

RARE GREAT MAN

Mendelssohn and His Immortal
Melody

HIS LOVE FOR ENGLAND

On February 3, 1809, in Hamburg was born Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, familiarly known as Mendelssohn, one of the most charming of the world's great musicians, whether judged by his music or his manhood.

His great-grandfather was a poor Jewish schoolmaster named Mendel. His grandfather helped greatly to raise his race in the estimation of his age. His father, Abraham Mendelssohn, a Berlin banker, added the name Bartholdy.

Felix Mendelssohn was unlike most of the great musicians in one respect—he was never poor. He had the fullest opportunity of developing his genius, and he never needed to earn a living.

Like nearly all the men of musical genius, he was a youthful prodigy. At the age of eight Felix was deep in the study of musical composition. At ten he played the piano at a public concert. At eleven a fortnightly concert was given in his father's house by four of the children, for the family was musical, and in the programme was always included a new composition by Felix, who, being too small to be otherwise seen, was obliged to stand on a stool to conduct it.

During his eleventh year Mendelssohn composed 60 pieces, including almost every type of music, and through a great part of his life he let no day pass without producing something new.

London's Appreciation

Before he was eighteen he wrote his overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream, which remains one of the clearest evidences of his genius.

England has the credit of giving the earliest fully-satisfying appreciation of Mendelssohn's charm. The first performance of his work in Berlin was received with grudging criticism, but London, as he said, "lifted a stone from his heart," and ever afterwards he delighted in visiting this country.

Here he brought, soon after it was produced at Dusseldorf, his "St. Paul," which made his fame as a composer of sacred music. Here he first published his popular "Songs Without Words," and at Birmingham he produced and conducted, on his ninth visit to England, the greatest of his works, his "Elijah," by which he ranks in sacred music second only to Handel—if second—in the opinion of the British populace.

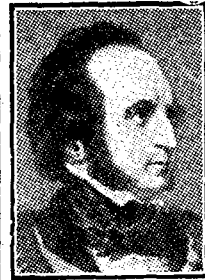
Man of Fine Character

It was after his tenth and last visit to England, in his 39th year, while approaching the prime of his musical power, that Mendelssohn was struck down on hearing of the death of his beloved sister Fanny, his comrade in music from infancy, and, never recovering, died on November 4, 1847.

In Germany he had done fine work for music by rescuing Sebastian Bach's work from forgetfulness, and by establishing the Leipzig Conservatoire, where he laboured as a teacher.

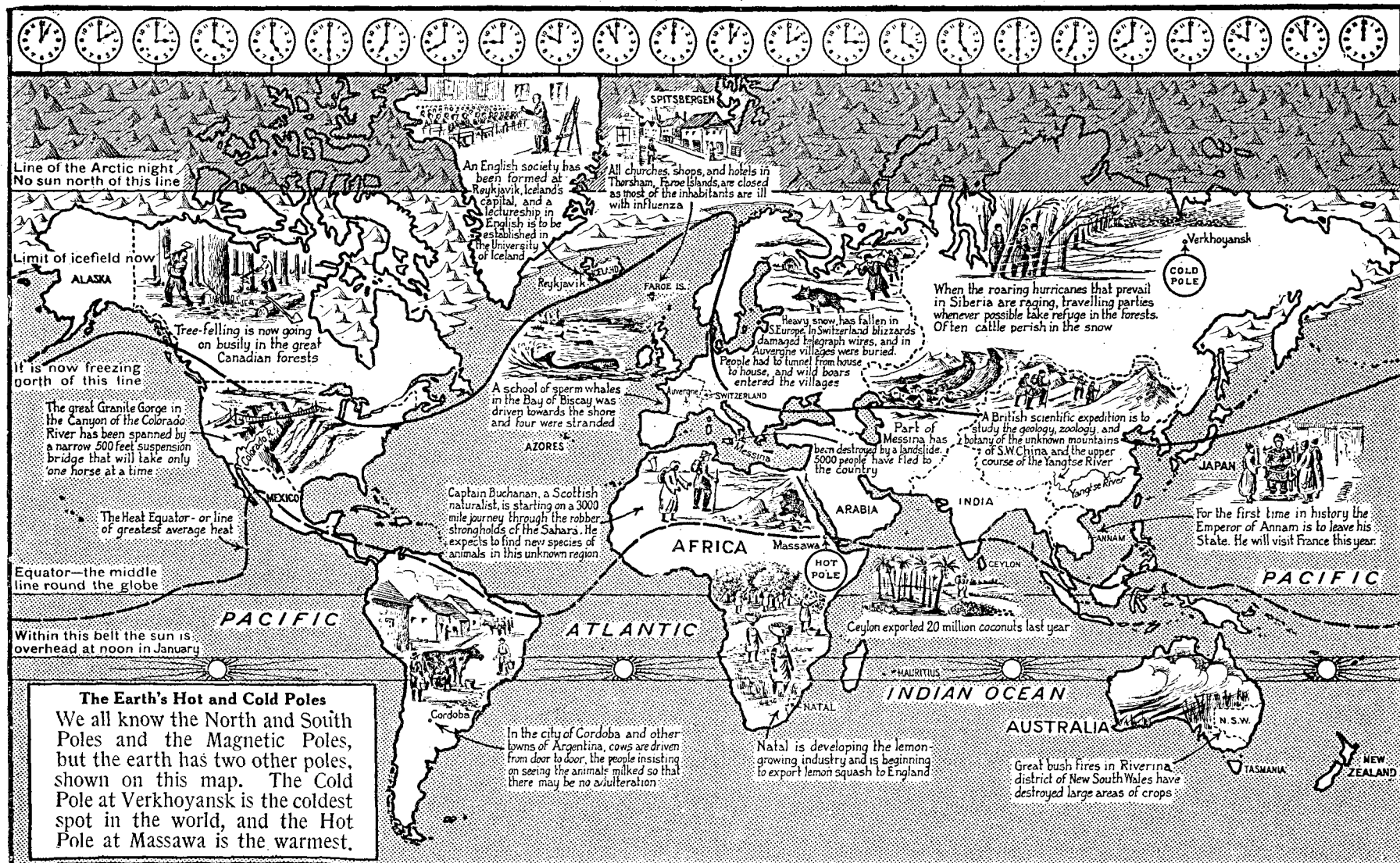
As a musician Mendelssohn was a sympathetically inspired conductor, a brilliant organist and pianist, playing as naturally as a bird flies, and a composer full of grace and charm, with power in reserve.

In his life it has been said that there was nothing that was not honourable to his memory. His character had in it all the sweetness of his music.



Felix Mendelssohn

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT & COLD POLES



NATIONS AT CANNES

French People Change Their Government

HOPE OF BETTER TIMES

The resignation of the French Prime Minister, M. Briand, brought about the sudden collapse of the very hopeful conference at Cannes, where the representatives of Britain, France, and Italy were considering ways of bringing back prosperity to Europe.

Feeling in France has been very much disturbed by the fear that Germany will not pay the heavy indemnities imposed upon her by the Treaty of Versailles, and, though the French people are profoundly anxious for peace, the French politicians are still loth to come to friendly arrangements with Germany. A crisis arose over the proposals made at Cannes to bring about better conditions in Europe, and the resignation of M. Briand led to the calling in of M. Poincaré, the ex-President, to form a Government.

It was shown at Cannes that there is a growing desire for a friendly cooperation between France, Germany, Britain, and Russia, and a conference is to be called at which it is hoped all these nations will be represented. That will be the most important gathering since the Peace Conference at Versailles, and it is expected that the new conference will lay the foundations of better times for all as far as governments can do such things.

CANADA SHOWS THE WAY
Her Growing Millions

The Canadians are showing how to people a continent, not too fast, as the United States were peopled, but by steadily building up a united nation.

The census taken in the Dominion last year shows that the population is nearly nine millions. That is almost twice the white inhabitants of Australia.

Yet Canada has only begun to fill up within the last thirty years or so, while the Australians have been three-quarters of a century at least reaching their present figure.

LOST PICTURE FOUND

At Home in the Louvre

Poussin was one of the famous French painters in the "great" period of the great monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, infamous for his wastefulness and pride.

In 1648 Poussin painted a picture which showed four slaves carrying an old man to his tomb. Louis the King went to see it in Paris seventeen years later, and then its history became obscure. The picture disappeared, and all efforts to find out where it went failed.

Lately there was sent to the Louvre, the French national picture gallery in Paris, an announcement of a sale of a picture by Poussin in Guernsey; and at once it occurred to the directors that this might be the missing work. They sent an expert to see it, and on his recommendation bought it—the long-lost picture. Thus, after being lost sight of for well over 200 years, and perhaps being regarded as rubbish, the picture will have an honoured place in the Louvre.

PIT BOY HERO

Golden Deed in a Mine

From a colliery in the Rhymney Valley of Monmouthshire comes a fine story of heroism and courage of a small pit-boy.

While some men were working in the mine part of the gallery roofing fell in, cutting off from his comrades a miner who had been working with Alfred Daw, the pit-boy.

Finding a small passage through the fall, Daw volunteered to crawl through and see how the man was. It was a risky thing to do, for at any moment another fall might have occurred; but, taking a supply of water, the boy managed, after great difficulty, to reach the imprisoned miner, who, by a miracle, was uninjured.

Daw stayed with him some time, cheering him up with news of the rescue work, and after five hours' hard digging the pit-boy and the miner were both safe above ground again.

HOW MOLIÈRE DIED

France Keeps a Famous Anniversary

In a famous assembly years ago, an Englishman was talking of the great representatives of French literature, and after he had mentioned Montaigne, Malherbe, Corneille, Racine, and Lafontaine, someone noticed that he had left out Molière. To this the stranger answered: "But Molière is not a French writer; he is a universal!"

So it is that many countries have been joining with France in the celebration of Molière's tercentenary, the 300th anniversary of his birth having come round this month. In France itself the occasion has been chiefly celebrated by the representation of all Molière's plays.

He wrote 26 in all, and nearly half of them are masterpieces. He acted in his own plays, and died while playing one of his own characters—the man who imagined he was ill. The audience cheered him till the walls echoed, thinking his acting of a dying man so fine; but the actor left the stage, amid the cheers, to die.

THE HOMELESS BIBLE

Another Clue

A Hampshire reader sends us what may be a clue to the ownership of a Boer family Bible which one of our readers wants to restore to its home on the veldt.

Our correspondent has in her possession a curio made by S. J. P. Venter, a prisoner of war in Simon's Town, South Africa, in the Boer War. On the back of the curio is the address, S. J. P. Venter, Krygsgevangen, Witsieshoek.

We hope the similarity of the Bible and the curio names—the name Venter being in the homeless Bible—may have the happy effect of bringing the Bible to the end of its wanderings.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Cloisonné	Klwah-zo-nay
Gemini	Jem-e-ni
Mahout	Mah-hoot
Messina	Mes-se-nah
Samurai	Sah-moo-ri

LIVINGSTONE'S FRIEND

End of a Great Exploring Life
BRAVEST MAN LIVINGSTONE
EVER KNEW

With the death, in his ninetieth year, of Sir John Kirk—not our good friend of the Shaftesbury Society, who is still among us, helping the children—our last link with Livingstone has gone.

John Kirk was the medical officer and naturalist on the African expedition of 1853-64, and with Livingstone he worked hard for the abolition of slavery. Livingstone once described him as the bravest man he knew, and well Kirk merited this description.

Each of these friends saved the other's life. Livingstone rescued Kirk from drowning when their canoe upset in a cataract, and Kirk, at great danger to himself, managed to shoot an infuriated hippopotamus—that was attacking Livingstone's boat.

Together Kirk and Livingstone explored hundreds of miles of the Zambesi River in an old steamboat. Once they saw terrible evidences of the cruelties of slavery. In some parts the river was so choked with dead bodies of natives, whose village had been sacked by slave-traders, that they had the utmost difficulty in starting the engines of the steamboat. Kirk was the second white man to see the Victoria Falls, Livingstone being the first.

When he returned to England Sir John Kirk brought with him over 4000 specimens of birds, insects, plants, woods, and native products, most of which he presented to Kew Gardens and the British Museum.

At the age of 54 he retired from public service and spent the rest of his life living quietly among his curios at Sevenoaks. It is sad that during the last few years of his life he was blind.

But before he lost his sight he saw great things and did great things, and the memorial of his work is worthy of his noble life, for a range of lofty mountains in Africa, discovered and christened by Livingstone, bear the proud name of "Kirk's Range."

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 28 1922

The Kingdom of the World

A VERY fine book has been written by a very fine man, and it begins and ends with a reference to one on whom the hopes of all who love our country and mankind are fixed—the British Boy.

The book is called "The Heart of Nature," and the writer is that distinguished traveller Sir Francis Younghusband. Its subject is Geography, and Sir Francis suspects that the young hope of our nation, the British boy, has a very low opinion of geography, whereas it ought to be one of the natural delights of his heart.

Probably Sir Francis is right about the boy's view; certainly he is right about geography, for no one knows it better than he.

It has been his duty, as a travelling soldier, to explore all parts of the central mountain-mass of the earth, overlooking India from the north. He has crossed the Gobi Desert from China, climbed the passes of the Himalayan and companion ranges, made friends with the people of those remote regions, and helped to fix the boundaries of nations. His eyes have been the eyes of England in the lofty secret places of the world.

And to him geography, instead of being dull and dry, is the most manly, romantic, and beautiful of all studies—the great highway to all adventure. Geography, when you get to the heart of it, is man's vision of the beauty of the Earth. It is akin to poetry, music, and literature, glorious to contemplate when one sees it aright, refreshing to the soul.

Of course that is quite unlike what most schoolboys feel about geography; and the boy is not to blame. He has rarely had the romance of the Earth's surface in all its alluring variety passed before his gaze, but has been too much pestered with dull names. What the boy instinctively loves, what he seeks in his sports and his thoughts, is manliness, and geography, rightly seen and felt, is the playground of all manliness.

Sir Francis eloquently pleads that geography shall be taught so that it will rouse exhilarating feeling and quicken imagination. We should "aim at nothing less than the heart of the boy," he says. He should Sail, a young Ulysses, from the quay, Till his anchor rumbles down on alien shores.

That will only be attained when the beauty of the world shines through the geography lesson, and we believe the day is coming when geography will stir us with a glorious vision, the vision of our common human Home at peace and in prosperity. We shall feel, as we are learning of new countries, that we are winning the mastery of the kingdoms of this world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

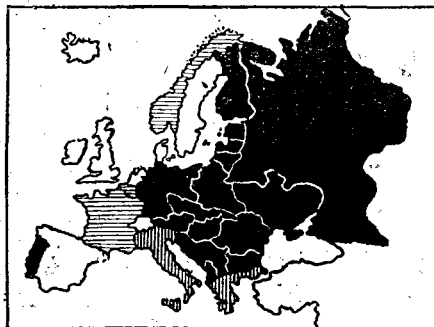
Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Potsdam

THE Kaiser will be pleased. One of his relatives has been a witness in a case at Potsdam, and, in view of her relation to the Exalted Wood-chopper, the judge directed that the ordinary barrister should not examine her, but that the examination should be made by a barrister who happened to be a count.

What mighty folk these Hohenzollerns be that, with the blood of a million men upon their souls, these Potsdam judges come to them with awe, and raise their caps!



A Money Map of Europe

Showing its present percentage of its ordinary value

Captain of His Soul

WHO are the real kings of the world? Surely they are the men who do things.

We like that story of a man who had just been having dinner with Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford recalled the fact that 17 years ago he and his wife tramped the streets to get a chicken for dinner on Thanksgiving Day; and he added, "Last year I paid the American Government 90 million dollars in taxes."

Is not that a conquest greater than Napoleon's—the conquest of a man's own soul? We do not care many pennies about Mr. Ford's millions, but they stand for grit, and he has used them well, and there are few men living whose lives give more encouragement to poor boys. He who is captain of his soul need have no fear.

Guilty

THAT is a very good story told by a magistrate who has spent many years in a court in New Guinea. Natives would be hauled before him on some such charge as stopping the wind from blowing or altering the course of the moon, and the prisoners would frequently plead guilty.

"Do not say that," the magistrate would tell them; "the evidence cannot possibly convict you. Plead not guilty." Whereupon the wonderful native would say: "But I am guilty; I did it. I should not be much of a sorcerer if I could not do a little thing like that!"

It must be a jolly world out there. A policeman charges you with interfering with the heavens; you plead guilty; and at once you are famous as the man who stopped the moon!

One More Good Idea

THE C.N. sends its greeting to the wise men of the Housing Committee of Glasgow, who are proposing to supply constant hot water to twelve hundred houses for half-a-crown a week.

It is a great step toward a happier world. It is as easy for a municipality to supply hot water as to supply cold. All that is wanted is the brain power, and once more Glasgow leads the way. London County Council, please copy.

Tip-Cat

THE Lord Chancellor says we want stable government. Well, we all need a bit in our mouths.

A MUSICIAN wants to know why audiences express appreciation by clapping. No other way is so handy.

A GENERAL ELECTION is said to be in the air. Perhaps this accounts for the windy weather.

A RANK fraud: The private who masqueraded as a colonel.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why there are so few British waiters. Perhaps the rest have given up waiting because all things have come to them.

How many war victories would it take to ruin Europe?

PRESENTS make the heart grow fonder.

IT is announced that penny eggs are on the horizon. We should like them on our table.

IN future, we are told, the schoolmaster will be the most important person in the world. Even now he is the principal.

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where guns, accumulate and ploughs decay.

The Folly of Ignorance

OF all the follies of ignorance that have made the world what it is, can any compare, we wonder, with the suggestion that we should enrich ourselves by cutting down education?

What is the product of education? It is health and wealth and happiness, and prosperous trade, and art and literature, and the joys of travel, and goodwill between nations.

What is the product of ignorance? It is stupidity and disease and sin, and quarrellings and wars, and selfishness and greed, and cruelty and suffering, and misery everywhere.

But even if the choice were not so clear to all sane minds, is it to be imagined by any mortal man that ignorance in a nation can ever be economy? The waste of knowledge is truly the most terrible waste of all.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If the Home-Office
finds homes for us

Who'll Take the Vow?

By Harold Begbie

WHO'LL take the vow of the Future?

And march from World to World
With the trumpets of angels
blowing

And the flag of God unfurled?
Who'll turn from the stricken
city,

From pestilence, plague, and
fire,
And start with the drums at day-
break

For the Land of Heart's
Desire?

Now this is the great alle-
giance:

I swear by the light within
To love what is bright with glory,
To hate what is black with sin,
To walk with the earth's great
heroes,

To fight at the angels' call,
And to rise with a greater courage
Each time that I reel and fall.

WHO'LL take the vow of the
Future

And march to the days ahead
With a living faith in the purpose
That links us to the dead?

A faith in the unseen glory,
A faith in the soul of man,
And a faith that God never
fashioned

One star outside His plan.

WHO'LL take the vow of the
Future

And march from World to
World

With the trumpets of angels
blowing

And the flag of God unfurled?

SOCIETY AT SEA

By a Mermaid Looking On

At a fishing competition in the North Sea the Angler, using a Whitebait on a Sea-needle, won the first prize.

One Sole guest brought his Skates, but the Rays of the Sun-fish prevented him from using them. In any case, he would have done nothing but Flounder about.

After dark light was provided by the Lamprey, the Lanthorn, and the little Lamp Sucker.

Music was supplied by the Fiddle-fish and the Pipe-fish. The noisiest person present was the Thunder-fish.

Before the guests left the King-fish took them to see his livestock, which included a Sea-horse, a Sea-sheep, a Shovel-nosed Dog, a Snake Pipe-fish, a Sea-fox, a Wolf-fish, and a Sea-snipe.

"Opah," exclaimed a gushing young Butterfly Blenny, "look at that dear little Dog-fish! And there is a Cat-fish and a Rabbit-fish, too."

Prayer of Alexander Pope

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
And impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom has denied
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

A YEAR AT THE BANKS

REMARKABLE FIGURES

Thousands of Millions of Pounds
Dealt With at One Place

HOW IT IS DONE

By Our Economic Correspondent

There are some trade figures so big that they are very difficult to grasp. They remind one of that comically tall story of a wonderfully tall tree—an American tree, of course—which it took a man and a boy to see to the top of!

In a year of 365 days there are 31,536,000 seconds. Now, if we counted money at the rate of one pound a second, how many years would it take to count the number of pounds handled last year by the Bankers' Clearing House, the institution through which nearly all our cheques and bills of exchange pass? Over 1100 years! That entirely beats the tree story, for it is not only wonderful but true.

Millions

In 1921 the Bankers' Clearing House had through its hands cheques, and so on, valued at £34,930,000,000—thirty-four thousand nine hundred and thirty million pounds—so that it would occupy over 1100 years of 31,536,000 seconds each to count the money at one pound a second.

We cannot grasp the dimensions of the figure, but we can see how British banking transactions have grown in the last fifty years. Here is the marvellous record in millions of pounds.

Year	Millions	Year	Millions
1868 . . .	3425	1901 . . .	9561
1881 . . .	6357	1911 . . .	14,614
1891 . . .	6847	1921 . . .	34,930

Last year the transactions were ten times as great as in 1868, and three-and-a-half times as great as in 1901.

Smith, Brown, and Jones

If we cannot get such big figures into our heads we can easily understand how they come to be collected and published. The Bankers' Clearing House is set up by the British banks to make simple what would otherwise be difficult—the settlement with each other of the cheques and bills of exchange they receive.

Suppose that Mr. Smith, having money at Lloyds Bank, writes a cheque for £1000—that is, an order to pay £1000—and sends it to Mr. Brown, and that Mr. Brown pays it into his account at the London Joint Stock Bank. That makes Lloyds Bank responsible to pay £1000 to the London Joint Stock Bank to meet the cheque.

Suppose at the same time a Mr. Jones, having an account at the London Joint Stock Bank, sends a cheque for £1000 to Mr. Robinson, who pays it into his account at Lloyds Bank. This makes the London Joint Stock Bank responsible to pay £1000 to Lloyds Bank in order to meet the cheque.

Cancelling One Another

If no special arrangement were made, the two banks would each have to pay £1000 to the other. What they actually do is this. Both of them belong to the Bankers' Clearing House, and the two cheques are there set against each other. They cancel each other out, and therefore the two banks have no need to exchange money at all.

In practice, of course, each bank gets many cheques drawn upon other banks. The Bankers' Clearing House sets them off against each other, and the respective banks have only to pay to each other whatever balances arise, instead of paying over each of the amounts of a multitude of cheques. Thus the exchanges between the banks are greatly simplified and the clerical work reduced to a minimum.

HOW A CAPTAIN SAVED HIS SHIP

Writing from memory, an Ilkeston correspondent gives, as an addition to our account of the great eruption of St. Pierre, the following graphic picture of the saving of the one ship that escaped from the harbour on that day of terror and destruction.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, of the s.s. Roddam, realising what would happen if he remained, determined to save his ship at all hazards. He gave orders to get up steam, and, taking the helm himself, steered straight for the open sea.

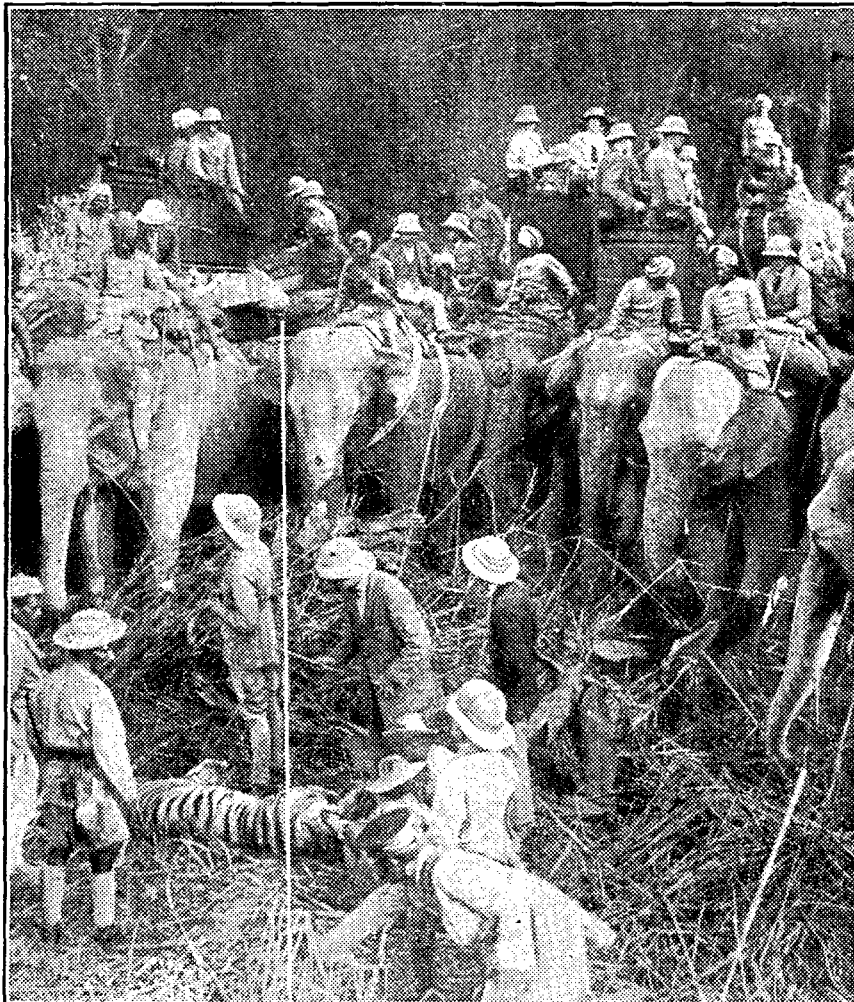
His hands were blistered at the wheel; his feet were burned as he stood on deck; his hair was singed with the heat; he was choked with the dust and fumes; but his courage never failed. With grim

determination he stuck to his post, like the brave Roman sentry at the destruction of Pompeii.

Mile after mile he drove his ship through the terrible darkness, while the rain of hot lava and ashes continued, until it seemed that he would never see the sky and sun again. At length the air began to clear, the darkness lifted, and finally the sun shone out from a clear sky, and the ship was saved.

Looking back, the brave captain could see from what a fearful fate his undaunted courage had saved his crew, his ship, and himself; a fate which overwhelmed the town of St. Pierre and its 33,000 inhabitants.

THE PRINCE IN THE JUNGLE



The Prince of Wales, who spent four days as the guest of the Maharajah of Nepal, shot his first tiger in the jungle there. The total bag was eleven tigers and two rhinoceroses. This picture shows the party after the first tiger had been shot, and the Prince is seen on the right

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

President Harding and the Pope have both sent messages of rejoicing to Ireland.

A miser who has died in a home in Switzerland had over £10,000 hidden among his rags.

Strange Visitors to the Thames

Two porpoises have been seen in the Thames at Teddington, over 18 miles from London Bridge.

Australia's Unknown Warrior

Australia is considering whether to bury an Unknown Warrior on the site of the new capital to be built at Canberra.

Natural Gas in France

The town of Ambérieu, in France, is to be lighted by natural gas, a copious supply having recently been tapped during borings for oil.

Trees of the Long Ago

Harvard University has just been presented with two fossil trees that must have grown where New York now stands in the days before coal was formed.

Wasting Good Food

Two million sprats were landed at Deal in two days, but high railway charges to London prevented the fishermen from reaping any benefit, and thousands of the fish were thrown on the land as manure.

Nelson's flagship, the Victory, has been placed in dry dock at Portsmouth for an examination.

The clocks of 1500 Paris shops and stores are now kept at correct time by wireless from the Eiffel Tower.

Bear in Class

When a Pet Day was held at a country school near Seattle, one pupil took to class as his pet a half-grown bear.

Three Million Gallons of Water

Owing to a heavy rainfall following the drought, a dam near Sheffield has burst, setting free 3,000,000 gallons of water.

Dining Off a Bean

A judge in Nebraska has entertained twenty friends to dinner off a single bean. He had brought the bean back from a southern trip, and it was three feet long.

Bush Fires in New South Wales

Millions of acres of grass have been burnt to the roots by bush fires in New South Wales, and hundreds of miles of fencing and wire-netting destroyed.

Marrows Extraordinary

A reader in Netherfield, Notts, reports growing last summer on one plant five marrows, weighing together 151 pounds, their weights varying from 38 to 20 pounds.

THE POW-WOW

RED INDIAN HOME FROM THE WAR

Four Days in the Shadow of the German Army

OKLAHOMBI OF OKLAHOMA

In a little-known district of the least-known of American states, Oklahoma, a Red Indian pow-wow was going on.

Around a big, solemn warrior with scarcely any clothing, and his head decked with feathers; danced a number of his fellow tribesmen. They were doing him honour, and he deserved it. No one who had happened upon that ceremonial dance would have imagined that he was the hero of one of the most daring feats of reckless bravery in the Great War.

His name is Oklahombi. He is a full-blooded Choctaw Indian, was brought up in the woods hunting and fishing, and learned the ways of birds and beasts. He heard stories of his forefathers' adventures, and longed to have adventures himself, but, after he had married a wife of the Choctaw tribe, he settled down in a little log cabin with a garden and chickens, and supposed that the time for adventures had gone by.

First Time in a Train

But one day news came that there was a war far away across the ocean, and that America was sending soldiers to take part in it. Then Oklahombi said good-bye to his wife, walked to the nearest railway station, took train for the first time in his life, and went to a city where he could enlist in the army.

The recruiting sergeant accepted him readily, for he was a fine, big fellow, very strong and active. He thought he would be sent at once to fight the foes of his country, but he found that he must spend a long time first in a training camp, and that disappointed him. However, in time he crossed the ocean and found himself in France, a private in Company D of the 141st Infantry Regiment.

Great Story of Endurance

Even in France he did not seem to meet with the adventures he had hoped for. Sitting in a dug-out while shells exploded overhead was not his idea of fighting at all. At last, however, his opportunity came. Volunteers were called for to capture a "strong point" where the enemy had a number of machine-guns and trench mortars. He offered himself, and led the others in their rush on the dangerous "nest."

They captured it, drove out the occupants, turned the guns on the enemy, and then found they were surrounded. For four days they were besieged before their comrades could rescue them. In the newspapers all over the world the story of the volunteers' daring and endurance was told.

Honour for the Red Man

The Red Indian returned to his company, not expecting any fuss to be made over him, and not wanting any more adventures of that kind. He was decorated by a French general with the War Cross, and mentioned in the American commander-in-chief's dispatches for conspicuous gallantry. But these honours did not delight him so much as getting back to his wife and his log cabin, and his garden and chickens. He took up his old life again, and longed no more for adventures.

When the tribesmen assembled the other day in his honour he told them that war was a bad thing for all who had to fight with modern weapons and under modern conditions of warfare. "Bad, bad!" he said, and they all repeated the words after him as they danced round.

MAN WHO STANDS FOR A CONTINENT

SIR JOSEPH COOK'S LIFE STORY

Poor Boy's Rise to Rule at
Australia House

A BIG, HUMAN MAN

About forty years ago the miners in an Australian coal-mine used to notice strange signs made on the walls of the underground workings with white chalk. They were talked about; the word went round to find out who made them.



Sir Joseph Cook

Watch was kept, and soon this mystery came to the ears of a young pitman named Cook. He laughed, and at once said the marks were made by him.

"Well, what are they?" his mates asked him.

"Shorthand," he said. "I'm learning shorthand. I want to get a job in the manager's office."

Boys like that get what they want. Soon he was working for the company as a clerk, and then he began to think about an employment better than clerking. He took service with the Coalminers' Federation of New South Wales, and in time he became its secretary. He was elected to the New South Wales Parliament, held several Cabinet offices, then went into the Commonwealth House of Commons, and in 1914 was, for a short time, Premier of Australia.

Pit Boy to Premier

A long way he had travelled in the 44 years since his father, a Staffordshire miner, died and left him one of eight children. Little Joe Cook worked as a pitboy for six shillings a week, and went on working underground because no chance was offered to him anywhere else.

If he had not at the age of 25 gone to Australia he would probably still be working in a mine in Staffordshire instead of being, as he is, High Commissioner for Australia in London, where he is now entering upon his duties in the splendid Australia House.

Australia gave him the opportunity that was denied to him in England. He found himself in a country where there were no barriers between those who had "white-collar" employment and those who worked with their hands. This gave him courage to try and find an opening in Fortune's Wall; he found it, and pushed through. From that moment he went on and on until he reached the highest positions his country had to offer.

Representing Australia

He is now the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Cook, but in Australia they never, except on ceremonial occasions, call him anything but "Joe." That shows they like him; it shows they know him to be a man who deserves affection as well as respect. He broke with Labour long ago. He would not submit to party discipline. He preferred to be independent, and he was justified of his choice. Labour had a grudge against him, but that has been almost forgotten.

Sir Joseph Cook now represents the whole Commonwealth in the capital of the Empire, and all Australians are glad to see him in such a position. They know he has earned it by steady work and determination, and they say he is still as eager as ever he was to help the people among whom he was born. He has not forgotten that he was a pitboy at ten years old, spending the greater part of his life far below the surface. He has not let success make him hard or selfish. He remains a big, human man.

America's Strange Contrasts

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF PEOPLE

Oranges Picked in the Sunny West While the East Shivers in an Icy Blizzard

GROWING REGARD FOR LAW AND ORDER

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

We give below the second article by our International Correspondent on the Americans, who are now taking such a powerful place in the world

In a country as large as the United States there are bound to be different types of character.

To journey from one end of the continent to the other takes four nights and five days, and there are many different climates to be passed through.

While New York is shivering in an icy blizzard the bathers on Florida beaches luxuriate in hot sunshine. When the prairies are covered with snow the people of California gather golden oranges under a cloudless sky and in a temperature that makes cool clothes a necessity. In the Northern States winter lasts from November to April; while in the cotton-growing districts of the South there is seldom any winter weather at all.

These differences of climate are reflected by the temperaments of the people. The Southerners are softer of speech and less energetic. The farmers of the land along the Canadian border are made tough and vigorous by their conflict with Nature. In the East the desire is for settled ways of life, for safe jobs; in the West there is still a spirit of adventure, and men are ready to take risks. They are more natural in their manners, and more vehement in their talk.

Children Eager to Learn

Yet among almost all the people of the United States there exists an idealism such as can be found scarcely anywhere in the Old World. People not only believe in the possibility of improving their own lives and the lives of others: they are genuinely anxious to carry out such improvement. American schoolchildren are more eager to learn than children in Europe. They are taught that if they work hard and aim high they may reach the highest positions in the country. They know that their famous President, Abraham Lincoln, was a poor farm boy who taught himself and worked up step by step.

Grown-up people are wishful to increase their knowledge also. They listen to lectures; they form "circles" for the discussion of books; and they invite visitors to tell them about other countries and their inhabitants. Americans are great readers. In the loneliest farmhouses magazines will be found, and books for winter evenings.

Making a Country Great

There is a very large sale in the United States of special foods, prepared with a view to easy digestion or the increasing of the vigour of the body and mind. This shows that a very large number of people are trying to improve their condition by finding foods that suit them. There is idealism in that too.

Within the last twenty years a vast effort has been applied to removing evils from American public life. A special attack was made upon the dishonesty of municipal government. Many cities were ruled badly in the interest of a few bad men. Such men were exposed and denounced, and

various new plans for managing the affairs of cities were tried.

The dishonesty of certain business men was shown up also. Huge businesses were proved to have ruined numbers of smaller dealers, to have broken the law and bribed judges to give judgments in their favour, and to have aimed at creating monopolies which might have raised the prices of necessities of life. New laws were made and the old ones enforced.

From end to end of America the same fashions prevail, the same jokes are heard, the same kind of newspaper is published. Public opinion is powerful in America, and it demands that all Americans shall think and act alike.

Different Men, Different Methods

Until lately there was very little difference between political parties in the United States. The two old parties are called the Republican and the Democrat. Of course, all Americans are Republican, for they are citizens of a republic, which means that they have no king and no lords, but are all reckoned equal, and elect a president every four years. The Republican party took its name a long time ago; the members of it are not any more attached to the Republican form of government than are the Democrats.

Now in America, as in all countries, there is arising a party that supports the claims of the mass of people to a larger share in "the treasure of life." The Progressives, as they call themselves, are opposed by members of both the old parties who have large property and depend for their living upon the rich. They are also opposed by many who honestly believe that the present state of things is the best that can be expected, and who therefore fear the result of changes.

The Labour troubles which have begun to disturb America after a long period, during which the native-born workers were well off and the foreign immigrants were glad to take any work they could get for small wages, are more violent than ours.

The Disappearing Cowboy

The people there have not quite the same instinctive respect for order and authority as the British people. It is not many years since in the Western part of the United States there was no law save that which was carried out roughly by individuals or small bodies of men, self-appointed.

That period of wildness in the West has come to an end. Cowboys no longer draw their revolvers and shoot one another at sight. Indeed, there are not very many cowboys left. The land over which herds of cattle roamed and were "rounded-up" by daring horsemen in red shirts, wide leather trousers, and broad-brimmed felt hats, is being more and more cultivated. The country is settling down under a system identical with that of other civilised States. Yet, when passions are aroused by Labour disputes, something of the old fierce lawlessness is still noticeable on both sides.

WHAT MIGHT BE HAPPY WORLD AT PEACE

Vision that a Common Effort Might Bring True

A THINKER'S NEW BOOK

H. G. Wells is not only a very popular writer: he is a great writer. He gives us his thoughts on great issues; he holds up noble ideals, and gives expression to his hopes and fears about the future.

He went to Washington for the conference which has resulted in:

1. The first step being taken toward the reduction of armaments.
2. An agreement between the United States, Britain, Japan, and France concerning interests in the Pacific Ocean, an agreement expressly designed to prevent war.
3. An agreement that submarines shall not be used against merchant shipping.

Mr. Wells went to Washington for the conference, and has now published a book called "Washington and the Hope of Peace" (Collins, 6s.), at the end of which he sketches what the world might be if the hope born of this conference should bear fruit.

Education for All

To begin with, everyone could be educated up to sixteen or seventeen. All who want knowledge and have no means of satisfying their thirst for it could be kept learning and growing mentally all their lives. At the same time there would be general development of the body by exercise; no one would be underfed or starved of fresh air. Such people would demand splendid and beautiful towns; they would certainly not be content with slums and hideous factories and grey, grim streets.

Outside the towns would be a park-like countryside, studded with delightful homes, in which would be found well-grown, well-trained human beings. "All the world would be accessible to them—mountains to climb, deserts to be alone in, tropics to explore in wonder, beautiful places for rest."

Training Mind and Body

At present the number of fully-educated and properly-nurtured people in the world, people who can be said to have come reasonably near to realising their full birth possibilities, is very small indeed. The rest are either physically or mentally stunted, or both. They only get 20 or 30 per cent. of the strength and happiness that ought to be theirs.

"The wealth and energy were there to make schools and give physical and mental training to all these people; they have gone to burst shells and smash up the work of men. The organising power has been wasted on barren disputes; science has been cramped and misused."

Only a common effort of the wise, energetic men and women in all lands, only human cooperation instead of enmity arising from suspicion and fear, are needed to give us peace, and peace can give us, if we choose, health and vigour and equal opportunity for every man, woman, and child the world over.

The Kind of World We Make

Then, says Mr. Wells, think what the newspapers would be like (and here he might have had in his mind a thought of the Children's Newspaper): "Think of a morning when the newspaper has mainly good news, of things discovered, of fine things done." Think of freedom from the depression caused by reading about starvation and disorder, of crimes and greedy dishonesties, of the horrible plots and designs against our security, of the dreary necessity for "preparedness."

It is a glorious picture Mr. Wells shows us. Can it ever be made real? That depends upon us, upon the readers of the C.N., perhaps, more than any other single mass of people, for C.N. readers, in millions, will one day rule this land. We can have any kind of a world we like to construct.

GROWING CHORUS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

England the Home of Bird Music

MEANING OF THE SOUNDS WE HEAR

By Our Country Correspondent

Professor Walter Garstang declared the other day that there is no country in the world so rich in bird melody as England.

In April and May we can well believe that England is richer in bird music than any other land, but even now there is a growing volume of song coming from tree and hedgerow.

Both the thrushes—the mavis and the missel—have begun to sing again after a short rest, the lark is heard high up in the sky; several of the tits, including the cole, marsh, and great tits, are sounding their notes; and the robin, wren, hedge-sparrow, chaffinch, and common bunting are all entertaining us with their music, although, of course, that is not the purpose for which they sing. Even the owls are hooting.

Why do the birds sing? Darwin thought that bird song began as a method of courtship, but all scientists are not agreed on this, for many birds sing not only at the mating season, but long before and after.

That, however, does not disprove Darwin's theory, for though a bird sings now at various seasons of the year and in some cases almost all the year, the extension of the practice might easily arise after the bird had acquired the habit of singing for courting purposes.

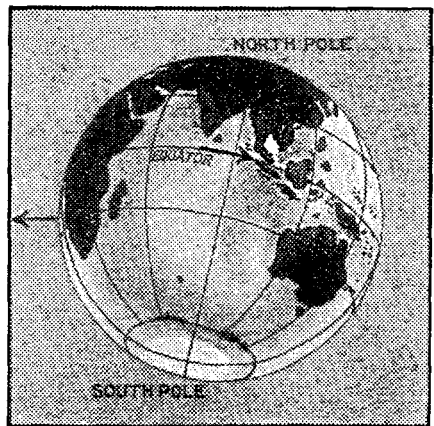
Evidently birds get pleasure out of singing just as human beings do, and by practice make themselves perfect. It is from now till May that we shall hear them practising, the song getting better and richer in quality as time goes on.

Just as boys and girls, when they are full of joy and high spirits, show their vitality in song, so the birds express themselves in the same way. But, primarily, there is little doubt that the song is an act of courtship.

Most of our birds, as we can see now that the leaves are off the trees, sing while perching, the lark, of course, being a striking exception.

The harsh screaming of the gulls, the cooing of the pigeons and doves, the crooning of the swan, and the hooting of the owl are all their attempts to please their mates.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 a.m. on any day in January as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

Who were the Samurai? The military class in old Japan.

What is a Mahout? The keeper and driver of an elephant in India.

What does ad lib. mean? This is an abbreviated form of the Latin ad libitum, and means at pleasure.

What is Cloisonné Ware? Enamelled ware in which the lines dividing the different patches are composed of a kind of metal wire.

WHY LAUGH AT SUFFERING ANIMALS?

PUBLIC FEELING RISES AGAINST THE IDEA

Clever Creatures Driven to Do Unnatural Things

THE CRUELTY BEHIND THE SCENES

Lovers of animals—and they are a great majority of the people of the British Isles—will have their hearts lightened by the news that at last the British public is showing stern disapproval of animal performances.

At an entertainment in London the other day members of the audience showed strong objection to an elephant performance, and although the French trainer declared that no cruelty was used the performance was stopped.

Again and again protests are being made so effectively that the animal "turns" are removed from the programmes of the most reputable places of entertainment. Resentment of this most unnatural form of amusement would have been shown long ago if the public had realised the process by which dumb creatures are trained.

The Unseen

The glimpses behind the scenes, through the evidence given before the House of Commons Inquiry Committee, have come as a shock to vast numbers of animal lovers, who before had tolerated these shows partly because of their interest in animals, but who now see clearly that the poor creatures are being callously exploited for mercenary purposes, and who suspect that there lurks behind the scene a cruel tragedy.

It ought to be enough for anyone who has a genuine sympathy with animal character to know that almost every trick an animal is made to perform for show is a totally unnatural trick. It is not anything that an animal can spontaneously enjoy. In fact, the more unnatural it is to the animal, the more it is wondered at as a trick, and we may be quite sure that more rigorous treatment has to be used to force the poor creature to do what it instinctively detests.

Secret Training

Underneath all this animal trickery is the baleful fact that the training is invariably secret. Why should it be secret if it is seemly and kind? It is secret because the trainer knows that it involves a degree of repression and harshness that the average man or woman of our race would not tolerate.

Every lover of animals knows that there are many activities in which the more intelligent and familiar animals are engaged in connection with mankind that they thoroughly enjoy. The horse delights in his country gallop as much as his rider, and he has a splendid sense of duty in his daily work. The dog has a proud feeling of loyalty in guarding his master's property, and a delightful consciousness of his own importance in controlling the less intelligent animals.

High Time

In varying degrees each animal has a life of its own that it can live in association with man and retain its self-respect and happiness; but no animal, and least of all the more intelligent species, can be happy when it is being made to play the fool. Yet that is what practically all animal tricks in public performances amount to.

It is high time that our Empire, and the American Republic, and the humane races of Northern Europe, like the Norwegians, Danes, and Dutch, once for all got rid of the reproach of cruelly exploiting God's dumb creatures in the name of amusement. Along the lines of sympathy and kindness for "all things both great and small" lies the way of the higher civilisation.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards and not more than one question on each card

Do Rats Ever Make a Purring Noise?

Not if their lungs are healthy, we believe. They squeak loudly in play, in temper, and in fear.

Is the Little Brown Owl a Friend to Man?

It is an enemy to rats and mice and other vermin, and for that reason an excellent friend to man.

What Should a Gudgeon be Fed On?

Its natural food consists of water insects and their larvae, small worms, and crustaceans common to our waters.

How Long Does an Elephant Live?

With ordinary good fortune an elephant should live 150 years, the longest life-span of any mammal save that of the whale.

Do Polar Bears Hibernate?

The males do not, but the mother bears bury themselves in the snow for the winter, and the baby bears come into the world during this period.

Do Nightingales Sing Only at Night?

No, that is a common error that a Poet Laureate shares in a famous poem. When in song the nightingale seems hardly ever to rest, and carols day and night.

Does the Rhinoceros Depend upon Sight or Smell?

This animal is comparatively dim-sighted, but its power of scent is extremely acute. It is said to be able to scent a man "up-wind" two miles away.

Can Tigers Climb Trees?

Not if the trunk of the tree is vertical. They run up a sloping tree or along a low-hanging branch, but the tree that stands erect defies both tigers and lions, but not leopards.

Are Whales Cannibals?

No, except one species. The exception is the grampus, a frightful beast, which eats lesser members of the whale tribe, and combines with others of its own species to attack true giant whales.

Is the Skunk a British Animal?

It is an over-sea Briton, but not a native of the Motherland. Canadian skunks thrive in our climate, but they have only been kept for fur-producing; they have not been given the freedom of the woods in England.

What is the Wood Worm in Furniture?

It is in reality a wood-boring beetle, named *Xestobium tessellatum*. Both in the larval and the perfect condition it feeds upon the wood in which it makes its home. This is the beetle which nearly destroyed the roof of Westminster Hall. There it had finally to be "gassed."

How Long Does an Oak Tree Live?

Unfortunately it is impossible to obtain authentic information as to the age of our trees. The British oak is the longest-lived of all the great family of oaks; and it is believed, but not positively known, that veterans now existing may be 1000 years old.

Are There Still Monkeys at Gibraltar?

Yes, but their numbers are few. They had multiplied to such an extent as to become a nuisance. They fouled drinking water; they invaded houses and terrified women and children. So a Government order went forth, two years ago, that the famous Barbary apes should be reduced to a population of ten.

Has the Cow any Wild Instinct still Remaining? Yes. When it goes into the pond or stream to submerge those parts of its body that are attacked by the warble fly and other winged enemies, it is following out the wild instincts of the water-haunting animals from which all our domestic cattle are descended.

This fascinating subject of the past springing up in the animals of the present is dealt with in an illustrated article in the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—for February, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

THE TWINS IN THE SKY

FIERY WORLDS CIRCLE ROUND THEIR SUNS

Measuring Star Distances With the Spectroscope

FIVE ORBS THAT APPEAR AS ONE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Two brilliant and very distinctive first-magnitude stars are to be seen due north of Procyon, which was described in last week's C.N. They will be found almost between him and overhead between eight and twelve o'clock in the evening, being due south and high up at 10 o'clock.

These are the famous twins Castor and Pollux of Gemini; the upper one is Castor, and the lower, slightly to the left and about eight times the Moon's apparent width away, is Pollux.

Castor is much the more interesting, for even a comparatively small telescope reveals him as two beautiful stars, one of about second-magnitude and the other a little above third; the light of the two together making him appear as a first-magnitude star.

Sun 50 Times as Bright as Ours

Both these are great suns, much larger than ours, the brighter one estimated to give fifty times the light of ours and the other about twenty times as much. They are known to revolve in a vast orbit, and have been calculated to take 347 years to go round some point in space between them.

Their distance has recently been found to be greater than was originally thought; the evidence at present indicates between 36 and 41 light years. Each is accompanied by a great fiery world, the one revolving around the larger sun taking a little over nine days; while the other, believed to be a large, dark, and heavy world, takes only about three days to go round the smaller sun, so this body must be very close to its sun—according to an estimate only 1,800,000 miles away from it.

Star Receives Careful Attention

It adds still more to the interest of this wonderful double solar system of Castor to know that there is still another fiery planet that appears to be connected with the others by gravitation. It is much fainter than the two larger suns, appearing to us as a ninth-magnitude star.

This body gives forth much less light than our Sun, and is probably not nearly so large; it has recently received careful attention at Mount Wilson Observatory, with a view to estimating its distance. The spectroscopic method of calculation—which is, as we know, the known effect of distance upon certain details of a star's light when analysed—gives 36 light years, or 2,365,000 times the distance of our Sun. The parallax measurement gives 41 light years, or 2,693,000 times our Sun's distance, so it must be between the two.

Rushing Away from the Earth

Thus we have here in what appears to the eye but a single star five known suns and worlds; there are probably many more had we the appliances to discover them. We know that our Earth could not be seen from Castor, even through our most powerful telescopes; indeed, it is a fact that the existence of our Earth must be unknown to all the stars unless any inhabitants of worlds connected with them have more powerful telescopes than we.

Pollux, the other bright star of Gemini, is a sun giving nearly 80 times the light of ours, and its light takes about fifty years to reach us. It is a type of sun more like ours than Castor's.

At present he appears to us brighter than Castor, but this is not likely always to be so, because after every minute Pollux is 54 miles farther from us, whereas Castor gets eleven hundred miles nearer.

G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 51

The Professor's Plan

DICKY told how Janion had hunted them, how they had followed him to the cave, caught and tied him, and finally of Last's decision to leave him there. The only thing Dicky did not mention was the bag, which he still had safe under his soaked coat.

Professor Perrin listened in silence till Dicky had finished.

"So the man is still there and you want me to release him for you?" he questioned.

"No, not you, sir," replied Dicky quickly; "but I thought you might give me a lift in the car and I could go and do it."

A curious smile twisted the Professor's lips.

"And what do you think that Janion would do when you had turned him loose?" he asked drily.

"I should bargain with him first, sir," responded Dicky.

The Professor chuckled.

"And how long would a fellow like that keep his promise, do you think?"

"Well, he wouldn't be fit to do much, sir," persisted Dicky. "He'd be too stiff."

"H'm! I don't know so much about that. This man, so far as I understand, is undoubtedly the individual who stole Miss Morland's bag, with the deeds for which she is offering a reward. It seems to me that the best thing I can do is to go and find Sergeant Croome and take him with me to this cave. The evidence of you boys should be sufficient for the case against Janion."

A look of utter dismay crossed Dicky's face.

"No, sir—no! Please don't do that," he begged.

"Why not?" demanded the Professor in a distinctly puzzled tone.

Dicky was silent. He did not know what to say.

Tom cut in, speaking in his usual sober, matter-of-fact way.

"We'd rather you didn't do that, sir. I don't think we can quite explain, but if you did go to the police you might get someone else into trouble besides Janion."

The Professor nodded.

"Someone who is a friend of yours?" he suggested.

"That's it, sir," Tom answered.

"It's an odd business," said Professor Perrin, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "I confess I can't understand it. Still, I know you boys well enough to be sure that you really mean what you say. Do you think that I can find this cave?"

"Not by yourself, sir," replied Dicky.

"But I can't take you boys back with me in your present condition. You are both soaked to the skin and will catch the most fearful colds. Besides, what would your master say? He will be expecting you back at the same time as Last."

It was a poser, and Dicky and Tom looked at one another in a sort of despair. It was perfectly true, and for a moment they could see no way out.

The Professor was the first to speak.

"I have a plan," he said. "How does this strike you? I will drive you both back to the school, then I will ask Dr. Fair to let you, Dent, come back with me as soon as you have changed. I shall tell him that you saw this man Janion enter a cave and that you have good reason to think that he has hidden the missing deeds there."

"But the Doctor will want to send for the police, as you did, sir."

"I think I can square him over that," answered the Professor.

"At any rate, it is the only plan that occurs to me."

"Then let's try, sir," said Dicky. "And thank you very much."

CHAPTER 52

A Brush with the Bullies

TO Dicky's surprise, Dr. Fair made no objection at all. The fact was that he was so upset by Joe Last's accident that he hardly gave a second thought to Professor Perrin's request. For Last was more hurt than had at first been supposed; and Dr. Preece, who had been called from the village, was looking grave. He said that there was severe concussion, but that he could not yet tell how severe.

Meantime, Joe, who was still insensible, had been put to bed in a room in the school hospital and was being kept absolutely quiet.

Dicky had rushed off to his dormitory and was changing as rapidly as possible when, to his dismay, Calvert's two allies, Doran and Gilkes, came in.

"What have you been doing, you young scug?" demanded Doran.

Dicky didn't want a row.

"Been for a walk and got wet," he answered quietly enough.

"Were you with Last when he was hurt?" questioned Gilkes.

"Yes," replied Dicky, who was aching to get away.

"How did he get hurt?" questioned Gilkes. "What happened?"

"A branch of a tree blew down upon him and hit his head," said Dicky, edging toward the door.

Doran laughed brutally.

"Teach the stuck-up ass a lesson," he chuckled.

Dicky went red as fire.

"And give you a chance to bully the kids without anyone to stop you," he retorted unwisely.

"You cheeky young beggar!" roared Gilkes, making a rush at him.

Dicky dodged cleverly, and Gilkes went bang into the bedstead and clean over it.

"Stop him, Doran!" he yelled.

But Dicky had already reached the door and, skating out, slammed it in Doran's face, and went racing down the stairs two at a time. He was nearly at the bottom when he saw someone just starting up. It was Calvert—Calvert dripping with rain, and in his ugliest temper.

"Hi, stop him!" came Doran's voice from the top of the stairs. "Catch the young beggar, Calvert!"

At the shout Calvert looked up.

"What luck!" he said, and grabbed at Dicky.

But Dicky was quite desperate, and instead of trying to dodge Calvert he charged him, head down.

Naturally, this was the very last thing that Calvert had expected, and he had not even time to brace himself against the onslaught before Dicky's head met the third button of his waistcoat and knocked him clean off his balance.

Down he went, and down went Dicky on top of him. It was lucky for them both that they were only three steps from the bottom, for if there had been more the chances are that the bully would have been really damaged. As it was his head met the boards with a bump that left him limp as a sack of coal; and Dicky, whose fall had been broken by the body of his assailant, scrambled hastily to his feet and made off.

The Professor was waiting for him, and in a few minutes the car had left the school.

The storm was beginning to die down. The wind was not nearly so strong, and though the rain still fell steadily it was not so heavy.

"Going to be a bit awkward climbing the cliffs in this light," remarked the Professor.

Dicky started. As a matter of fact, he had not been thinking of

Janion, but of Calvert. Calvert had suffered a good deal already, but chiefly at Last's hands. Today, twice since dinner, he had got the worst of it from Dicky and Tom, and now Last was in hospital and not able to help them.

"Yes, sir," replied Dicky, "but luckily I know the way pretty well, and if we may take one of the car lamps we shall be all right."

"Yes, we will do that. In any case I am anxious to get a sight of this upper cave. As I told Dr. Fair, I mean to borrow you two boys for a whole day so that you may show me the way into Cripp's Cavern. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," replied Dicky, but with a lack of enthusiasm which struck the Professor strongly.

Professor Perrin was not merely a brilliant scientist; he was also a man of good sound common sense, and already he had come to realise that there was more behind all this business than he yet understood.

Of course, he knew all about the theft of Miss Morland's bag and the deeds; knew, too, that Janion had been suspected of the theft. Now he himself had begun to suspect that Dicky Dent and Tom Burland knew more about it than they had yet told him, and that they were trying to shield some boy in the school who had got mixed up in the business.

"So you think that these papers of Miss Morland's may be in the cave, Dent?" he asked presently.

"Yes, sir. What else would take Janion to a place like that?"

"Not the study of geology, at any rate," replied the Professor, smiling. "Well, I hope we shall be able to find them."

Dicky shook his head.

"I don't think there's much chance, sir. It's a whacking great cave, and if you had a dozen men searching all day they might not be able to find the hiding-place."

"Don't you think we might persuade this fellow Janion to own up?" suggested the Professor slyly. "If we told him, for instance, that his liberty depended on his giving up the papers, he might confess."

Dicky looked up at his questioner. "Last has tried that already, sir, and Janion would not say a word. You see, the worst of it is that we haven't any real proof that Janion stole the papers. No one saw him do it."

CHAPTER 53

Dicky's Dilemma

THEY had just come to One Mile Hill, and the Professor was changing gear to climb it. He did not speak again till they reached the top.

"And what has Last got to do with it?" he asked suddenly.

A Jolly Paper

For Little Boys and Girls

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THE RAINBOW 2nd

Every Monday

PRINTED IN COLOURS

Dicky felt himself going hot all over.

"I—I don't know, sir," he stammered. "That is—he—he has been helping us."

"Forgive me, Dent," said the Professor quietly. "I did not mean to ask awkward questions."

"Not a bit, sir," said Dicky eagerly. "I'll tell you all I can, but there's something funny about it—something that Tom and I can't understand a bit."

"Quite so. Then don't bother. I feel sure, when you do get the mystery clear you will tell me. Until then I will not ask questions."

"Thank you, sir," said Dicky, with great earnestness.

They drove on in silence, but Dicky was more uneasy than ever. What was worrying him now was the thought of what Janion might say. Janion, Dicky suspected, knew something against Last, though what he could not tell. Supposing the man blurted out some accusation before Professor Perrin? Then perhaps the Professor would feel it his duty to tell Dr. Fair.

Then the fat would be in the fire, and no one could tell what the upshot would be. At all costs Dicky wanted to protect Joe. He bore him no grudge for his roughness during the evening, for he knew that worry had thrown Joe quite off his balance.

He began to wonder if it would be possible to get to the cave ahead of the Professor and bribe Janion to keep his mouth shut. He still had the five-pound note that the Professor had given him. And while he was still turning this problem over in his mind the Professor pulled up.

"Here we are," he said. "This is about the nearest point to your cave. I can leave the car here by the roadside, and we must walk the rest of the way."

The rain had stopped and the wind died down, but it was still very dark as the two made their way across the grassy slope by the light of one of the motor lamps. This the Professor carried; and Dicky saw at once that his plan of getting first to the cave was utterly out of the question. Even with the lamp it was not going to be easy to climb the cliff. Without it the job would be impossible.

All the way to the foot of the cliff Dicky was racking his brain for some way out of the difficulty.

The Professor noticed Dicky's silence, but did not make any remark upon it. At last they came to the spot by the little ravine where they had to start the real climb. The cliff face was slippery with rain, and water was dribbling down it from above. Alone, Dicky could never have done it.

But the Professor was tough as wire, and amazingly strong into the bargain. And with his help and the strong light of the acetylene lamp the two went steadily up.

They gained the entrance, and Dicky pointed to a narrow cleft.

"Not much room," said the Professor, "and the opening is quite hidden by the projecting rock. It's a wonder how Janion ever found the place. You go first, Dent, and show me the way."

Dicky went slowly in. His spirits were very low, for he saw that now there was no way of preventing an interview between Janion and the Professor. As he crept through the passage he shivered to think what the man might say.

Professor Perrin followed, his lamp flinging Dicky's shadow black as ink on the floor of the passage.

Dicky came to the sharp curve and rounded it. For an instant he was in pitch darkness, then, as the Professor came after him, the inner cave was illuminated by the powerful white light which gleamed on the stalactites hanging from the roof.

But Dicky was not looking at these. He had stopped short, and was staring, open-eyed, at the floor.

"He—he's gone!" he gasped. "Janion has gone!"

Who Was He?

The Busy Philosopher

MANY of the great scientists of recent days who have opened for us the Book of Nature and unfolded some of its mysteries have early in their careers travelled about the world on warships, and thereby obtained a great deal of natural history information at first hand.

One of these was a young London doctor who obtained the post of surgeon on a warship, and travelled in Australian waters, where he collected many specimens.

He was only 26 when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, was given the gold medal of the society, and was placed on its Council, astonishing honours for so young a man.

Many world-famed scientists became his friends, and he met Darwin, with whose theories at first he did not agree.

For three years the Admiralty retained him as a surgeon at home so that he might continue his scientific work, and then he was ordered abroad. But as this would have interrupted his studies he resigned, although by losing his salary his means of livelihood was cut off.

The young scientist, however, was a brave man with a passion for science, and such genius as he had was not long going begging. After a few months he was appointed professor of natural history at the Royal School of Mines in London.

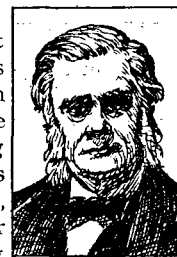
His life was at all times a busy one, and most of his work was of a highly technical nature. But he developed a clear style of English, and began to write popular papers and treatises explaining the theory of evolution for plain and ordinary people. This theory he had gradually come to believe, and was now its most popular and formidable advocate.

It is by his popular works and his clear, graphic lectures on scientific subjects that he is best remembered today.

All kinds of scientific honours flowed in upon him, and, as he became a greater power in thinking circles, he was called to many public duties. These he willingly carried out, although they took much time, for, as he once declared, he was a man and a citizen before he was a philosopher.

He served on royal commissions, was secretary and afterwards president of the Royal Society, and was made a Privy Councillor. He also became a member of the London School Board for a time, and did a great deal for the cause of enlightened education.

The hard work at last told upon his constitution and though he tried by resting to regain his health he failed, and after much suffering died on June 29, 1895. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



TO BE CONTINUED



Never Mind the Weather: Get Up When You Fall



D! MERRYMAN

THE motorist had had the misfortune to upset his car, and so he telephoned to the nearest garage for assistance.

"Hallo! Can you send me help?" he called over the 'phone. "I've turned turtle!"

"Sorry," came back the reply. "This is a garage; what you want is the Zoo."

Bitter and Sweet

THERE is a word of plural number, Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.

Now, most words you choose to take By adding s you plural make; But if you add an s to this Strange is the metamorphosis; Plural is plural then no more And sweet what bitter was before.

Answer next week

WHY is a person with his eyes closed like an unsatisfactory schoolmaster? Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

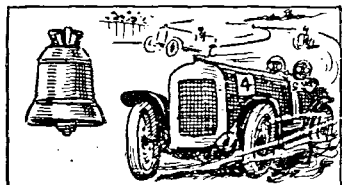
Little Keys

HEARTS, like doors, can open with ease

To very, very little keys: And don't forget that two of these Are "Thank you, sir," and "If you please."

WHAT number is finished by adding one letter? One. Add d and it is done.

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent? Answer next week

WHY is the letter E like London? Because it is the capital of England.

What is This?

IN marble halls As white as milk, Lined with a skin As soft as silk; Within a fountain, Crystal clear, A golden apple Doth appear; No doors are there To this stronghold, Yet thieves break in And steal the gold.

Solution next week

A Strange Fashion

THERE once was a Normandy shrimp Who ran with so dainty a limp It became quite a passion With people of fashion To walk like that salt-water imp.



Hoity-Toity

When Night Falls

THERE dwells within the Land of Nod A quaint and stealthy little god, Who gathers up fine grains of sand In either tiny, nimble hand; And as he passes softly by Throws a small handful in each eye, Making us blink, and then breathe deep, And yawn, and nod, and fall asleep.

WHY are watches like grasshoppers? Because they move by springs.

A Substantial Meal

THE meat was tough and the diner's temper was short. "Waiter, what do you call this?" he demanded, indicating the sad-looking morsel of meat on his plate.

"Spring lamb, sir," replied the waiter.

"Hum! It must be one of the springs that I've been trying to chew for the last five minutes," reflected the diner.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Missing Goalkeeper
This shows how the pieces should be placed together

Puzzle Birds
Tree-creeper and water-rail

Authors' Names
Longfellow, Burns, More, Abbot, and Crabbe.

What am I? Scarborough

Jacko Runs Away

THE first thing that Mother Jacko thought of, once her domestic troubles were over, was Jacko's schooling.

"What with all the worry we've had over the house," she said, "I declare I quite forgot it."

All Jacko asked was that she would go on forgetting it; but he had no such luck. That very day his box was packed, and a letter to the schoolmaster written, and everything arranged so that he might get off directly after breakfast the next morning.

He didn't get a chance to play truant this time, for his mother took him to the school herself, and never left him till she had delivered him safely into the master's hands.

For a week he behaved splendidly, and then he grew tired of things and began to wonder how he could get a change.

He was too closely watched to slip away; and when he behaved badly to get himself expelled all he got for his pains was a severe caning.

"I must get away," said Jacko, "or I shall go mad."

That was nonsense, of course, but Jacko felt like that sometimes; and instead of paying attention to his books he spent all his time after that wondering how he could run away.

A wonderful idea came to him one night as he lay wide awake in his bed at the end of the long dormitory.

He pushed back the clothes, slipped out, and ran across to the window.

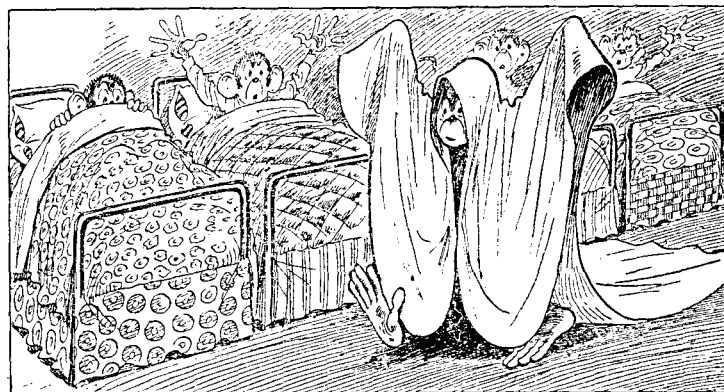
It wasn't very far to the ground, and, what was more, a great ivy root reached up almost to the window-ledge.

Jacko beamed with delight. He darted back, scrambled into his clothes, and was just stooping down for his boots when young Peppermints—only that wasn't his real name—suddenly woke up and began coughing.

Jacko wriggled silently under his bed and waited. He was waiting for Peppermints to go to sleep again, but he had to wait a long time. The brat, as Jacko was calling him, was tossing and turning so that the springs of his bed made enough noise to waken the whole dormitory.

Jacko grew tired of waiting. He was always impatient, and just then he was cold and stiff too.

"Go to sleep, can't you?" he muttered under his breath. "I



The whole dormitory was awake

know what I'll do," he thought. "I'll play ghosts; then if he does see me he'll be too scared to give me away."

So he dragged a sheet over his head, crept out, and walked boldly to the window and opened it.

Little Peppermints heard the noise and started up. The next minute the whole dormitory was awake.

"What's this? What's all this?" demanded a master, rushing in. "Someone seen a ghost? Nonsense! Someone's been dreaming. Go to sleep, boys, and don't talk rubbish."

Jacko, climbing down the ivy hand over hand, grinned to himself as he listened, and a moment later his feet touched earth, and he disappeared in the darkness.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	1921	1920	1921	1920
London	7336	7459	5664	5074
Glasgow	2253	2220	1269	1412
Birmingham	1543	1544	784	983
Belfast	792	845	377	546
Dublin	704	663	779	660
Hull	519	535	286	325
Cardiff	367	309	189	193
Sunderland	350	335	158	240
Bolton	261	266	219	200
Brighton	167	192	130	161
Huddersfield	137	134	172	118
Cambridge	81	68	50	55

The four weeks end December 31, 1921

Ici on Parle Français



La glace Le narcisses Le conducteur
Marie se regarde dans la glace
On trouve les narcisses dans le bois
Le conducteur distribue les billets



Une églantine Le bâton Le siphon
L'églantine fleurit au printemps
Le chef d'orchestre agite son bâton
Voici un siphon d'eau de Seltz

Tales Before Bedtime

The Snare

IT was Elsie who saw the poor little thing first.

"Look, Dick!" she cried. "Oh, look! A baby rabbit in a trap!"

Dick was down on his knees beside her in a moment, but he couldn't release the cruel wire. He might have if he had been alone, but the little frightened creature struggled so that Elsie cried out and made him stop.



Dick ran after her

She was so afraid he would strangle it.

"Let's fetch Barnes," she cried. "He'll know what to do." And she sprang to her feet and rushed away. Dick rushed after her.

In their haste to find the old man they took a short cut over a field that had not long been sown; and half way across who should come blundering up but the Squire's keeper.

"It's old cross-patch Miller," said Elsie. "I do hope he won't stop us."

But he did, and he was in one of his very worst moods. He began scolding them at once, and he stood right in their way, and refused to let them go on another yard.

"Please! Please!" begged Elsie. "We want Mr. Barnes quickly; and it's very important."

But the surly keeper wouldn't listen; and he told them in the horrid way that they were trespassing and trampling down the Squire's best corn.

"We didn't mean to," Dick burst in indignantly, "but there's a rabbit caught in a snare in the wood over there and—"

"I don't care if there's a hundred of 'em," began Miller, when somebody cried:

"But I do, and I should like to know who sets snares on my land."

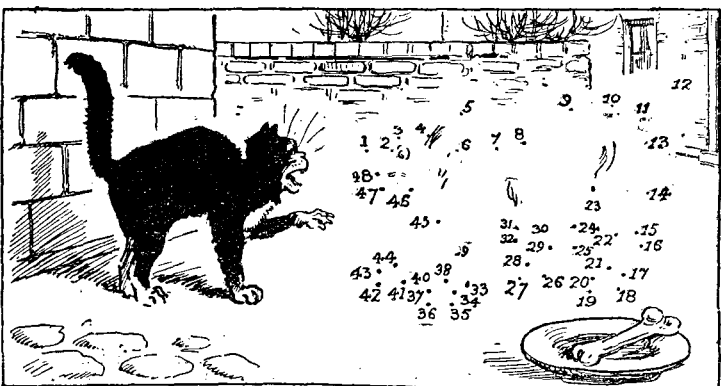
It was the Squire himself, and when he had heard what the children had to tell him he turned back with them and wrenched open the trap and set Master Bunny free.

Not long after that Miller went away, and the children often wondered if it were he who had set the trap.

"If it wasn't," Dick said, "I believe he knew something about it."

And Elsie thought so, to

Puzzles That Answer Themselves



Draw a line from dot number 1 through the other dots in order to number 48, and finish with a line from 48 to 1. You will then see the cause of the cat's alarm

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 28, 1922

Every Friday, 2d.

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NEW IRISH CHIEF · PRACTISING FOR THE BOAT RACE · CAESAR IN SCHOOL



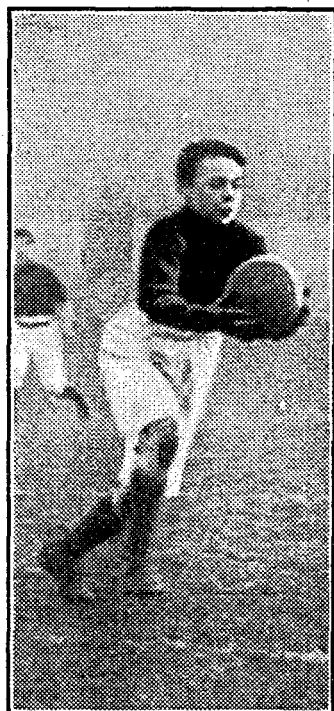
Ireland's New Chief—Mr. Arthur Griffith, who has been elected President of Dail Eireann in the place of Mr. de Valera



An Underground Venice in London—A great drapery shop in South London has arranged two hundred feet of real waterways in its basement as an attraction for customers, who pass along these canals in boats, as shown here. Children find this a jolly pastime



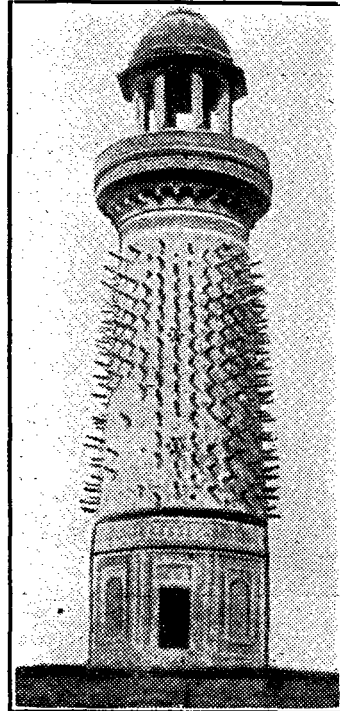
Irish Prime Minister—Mr. Michael Collins, who by his firmness and tact has greatly helped to bring peace to his native Ireland



Another Goal Saved—This goal-keeper in a boys' football match at Liverpool has an opportunity of showing his kicking power



Caesar in the Schoolroom—Properly taught, Shakespeare is always popular with boys, who become enthusiastic actors when the play is arranged with a proper Elizabethan setting. Here the boys of Tonbridge School are shown acting the play of Julius Caesar. Brutus is addressing the crowd in the Forum



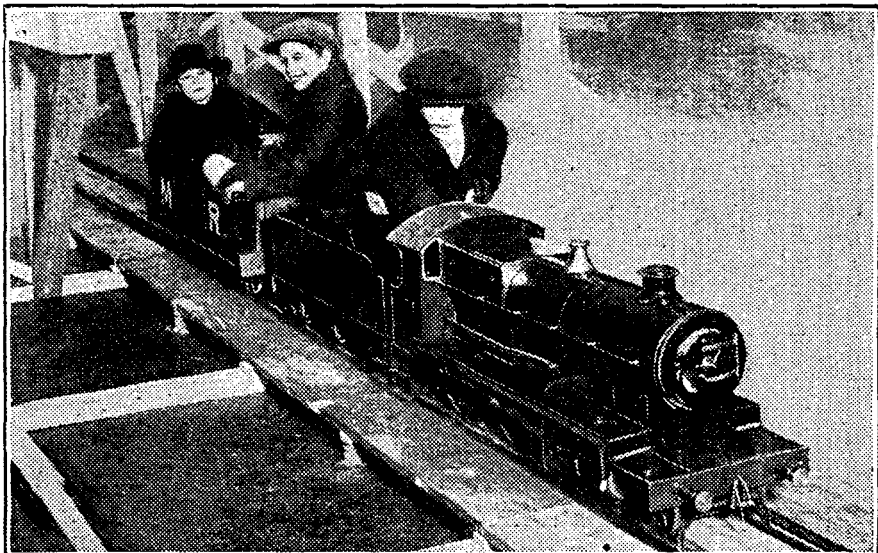
An Elephant's Monument—This memorial, studded with tusks, at Fullipore, India, commemorates a ruler's favourite elephant



When Pigs Fly—This pedigree pig, with three companions, went to Paris by aeroplane recently, and is here seen taking a farewell glance at Croydon aerodrome



Training for the Boat Race—Here we see the Cambridge crew, which has already started practising for its annual contest with Oxford, setting out for a pull on the River Cam



A Journey on a Model Railway—These children are enjoying a ride on a miniature train, one of the many interesting exhibits at an exhibition of engineering models in London



A Ski Stand in a Swiss Hotel—A crowded ski stand in the hall of an Alpine hotel. This sport is becoming more and more popular, and even little children learn to ski